

A  
COLLECTION

O F

ESTC

H Y M N S

A N D

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

For the USE of

Serious and Devout CHRISTIANS,

OF ALL

DENOMINATIONS.

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN EDWARDS,

Minister of the Gospel, at Leeds, in Yorkshire.

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The Redeemed of the Lord shall return and come  
with SINGING unto ZION. Isa. li. ii.

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The THIRD EDITION,

With ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS

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M.DCC.LXXIX.







T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**G**OD IS LOVE: so saith the bosom disciple of the God of Love. And this all the children of God know by happy experience here; and to praise and magnify the God of love, to exult and triumph in the amazing greatness, the stupendous riches of his free grace; this will be their happy work, their joyful employ, in yon regions of glory and immortality. Come then, my christian brethren, partakers of like precious faith, ye ransomed ones of the Lord, heirs of an immortal inheritance: Come ye saints and children of the Most High, and thou, O my soul, let us now begin to be sweetly engaged together in praising and adoring our Redeeming God; and with psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, let us sing and make melody unto the Lord, with grace in our hearts. O sweet privilege! O delightful exercise! Thus we strive to imitate the full-fraught with happiness, the joyfully-harmonious choir above, while these glorified saints, with all-perfect and uninter-

rupted delight, surround the throne of love immense, and grace rich, free, and unsearchable : We fellow heirs, though now in the infancy of grace, shall shortly be filled with the same consummation of bliss and glory : Therefore while heaven resounds with hosannas, hallelujahs, salvation, glory, honour and praises to God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the once-suffering, sin-atoning, but now highly-exalted Lamb of God ; O let us here below mix our feeble voices with theirs above : We have both the same object for our praise and adoration, the God of Love ; each the same cause for triumph and rejoicing, his rich, free, and sovereign grace : Why then should we not both unite in the same sweet and happy employ ? O may the same dear and loving Jesus inspire our hearts, and warm our affections now, to make earth ring with the sound of his righteousness, with the triumphs of his grace, and with the melodious harmony of his praise ! Jesus is worthy ; he has bought us with his blood ; he hath given us the earnest of our inheritance in our hearts, by his Spirit. Jesus's love is the cause of ours. He first loved us, therefore we love him. He still loves us, therefore we will praise him here ; and forasmuch as his love is like himself, from everlasting to everlasting, he will never leave the purchase of his blood till love has brought us to enjoy his glorious presence and kingdom ; therefore we will praise him to all eternity.

There,



There, O sweet reflection ! as we shall all unite in the same delightful work, so shall we all agree in the same language. See the lovely, amiable description ! Behold ! *all the redeemed of the Lord, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood, all in the same posture, before the throne, and before the Lamb, the object of their love, praise, and delight, cloathed with white robes, all appear in the garments of their Elder Brother, the white robes of Jesus's all-perfect righteousness : Each bearing the emblem of their dear conquering Lord's victory, with palms in their hands ! And what is their cry ? What the exalted subject of their song ? SALVATION. To whom ascribed ? To themselves in any part ? To their works and obedience, because they were once faithful, and fulfilled terms and conditions ? O ! no ; but with loud and united voices they cry, SALVATION to GOD, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—And behold all the angels, and the elders, and all the glorious company join THIS cry, and heartily unite with their Amen ; Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.*

There is no difference of thought, no disunion of judgment, no jarring notes ; but all perfectly unite in loud, but humble strains ; all happily agree, in harmony and delight. O !

my brethren, what pity, what folly is it, any persons, calling themselves christians, should chuse to speak a language here, which is unknown in the realms above? Why should any who hope to join this blessed company in their hymns of praise, differ in their manner of expressing themselves here below? O! why do we hear of our salvation being cast upon certain terms and conditions to be performed by man, instead of sovereign grace, and almighty power? Christ is all in all to every believer; every child of God is complete, or *perfect*, in HIM: A conditional salvation is no salvation at all. Faith, repentance, obedience, &c. are the graces, not conditions of the covenant. They are purchased by Jesus Christ, and flow from the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, by whom every gracious gift, every good disposition is wrought in the soul. These are bestowed as a free gift, and certainly to arrogate them to ourselves, and plead them as our righteousness, or to esteem them as terms and conditions of our salvation, betrays the height of pride, as well as the greatest folly. But then, man's faithfulness to grace received, is by too many talked of, and pleaded as a condition of his being saved. Man's faithfulness! Where is it to be found? In what fertile soil? In what sweet bosom doth it lodge? O! how hard doth self die! How unwilling are the sons of pride to submit to grace alone!

But

But all the heirs of glory submit, they must submit, they will that self should be laid low; and rejoice with humility, that the crown should be placed on King Jesus's head *alone, who is made of God to us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.* So many of us as have believed on Jesus with the heart unto salvation, the law hath been our school-master to bring to Christ: We esteem the law to be holy, just and good: We do not make void the law through faith, God forbid: We know that nothing can avail us, but the fulfilment of every jot and tittle that it requires: No obedience short of **PERFECTION** will be accepted of God. Therefore this is our joy, this our happy privilege to know, that our Jesus, our head, by his obedience magnified the law, and made it honourable, and thereby has perfectly fulfilled all righteousness; so that, *He is the end of the law for righteousness to us, to all that believe.* He is emphatically stiled the Lord *our* Righteousness; and we are declared by the Apostle, 2 Cor. v. 21. to be made *the righteousness of God in him.* For his righteousness is made ours by imputation through faith, and is our justification. His love is the life and spring of all our obedience; and from a divine principle implanted in us by his Holy Spirit, the inward fruits of love, joy, peace, &c. grow; and the outward practice of morality and good works abound in the life and conversation. Thus



Thus Jesus saves his people from their sins (i. e. from a sinful state and unholy life) into his kingdom of holiness here, and into his kingdom of glory and happiness above; for whom God justifies, them he also glorifies. *What shall be able to separate the adopted sons of God from his love which is in Christ Jesus? What can destroy those, whom everlasting love hath determined to save? What power can withstand the omnipotent God, who has engaged himself, by his word of faithfulness, for the safety and salvation of all his redeemed, justified, and adopted children? Yea, God willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath.* Heb. vi. 17.

Here, O believer in Jesus, is abundant matter for thy comfort and consolation! Thus, O happy christian, is thy salvation safe and secure! Rejoice with humble confidence! Exult with holy triumph! Shout the praises of thy Jesus, and thy God, with thy most elevated affections! And tell me, O thou happy soul! Speak, O thou pardoned sinner! Declare, thou heaven-born child of God, What is the language of thy heart? What the practice of thy life, resulting from these sweet scriptural views of sovereign grace and everlasting love? Canst thou from *hence* be soothed to sloth and inactivity in the divine life? Do they tend to encourage

courage thee in loose, licentious practices? O! no: I will venture to answer for thee, and every regenerate soul, I know you detest such base inferences, and cry out, *God forbid!* I am assured, that in the day of thy new-birth, a new heart was given thee; and at the time of thy espousals, a divine nature was imparted to thee; and therefore thou wilt leave such base, hellish ingratitude to the unsanctified hearts that urge it, and to the carnal tongues that utter it. I know you experience the eternal and unchangeable love of Jesus to be the most animating and enlivening motive to all suitable conformity of life and conversation: By this you are filled with the utmost detestation and perfect abhorrence of sin, and find it to be the strongest incentive to holiness and obedience.

Now by this view of Salvation, the sinner is humbled, and the Saviour is exalted; and is it not fit, that Jesus, the Saviour, should have all the glory, while man, the sinner, enjoys all the happiness and comfort of God's salvation? O why then should any be so unhappy as to bring an evil report upon the faithfulness of God's promises, by attempting to render his people's salvation precarious and uncertain? This tends to cramp the sinews of love, and to pinion the wings of the soaring believer in his exploring flights above himself. O why should

should any be so deceived, as to imagine legal principles to be more productive of holiness and obedience, than the love, the everlasting and unchangeable love of Jesus, sweetly constraining us ?

Let no man deceive us with vain words : Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. God forbid, that we should be like the foolish Galatians, so bewitched as to seek to be made perfect by the law of works, *to fall from grace*, to expect to perfect by the obedience of flesh, what was begun by the grace of the spirit ! O this is to be *removed from him that called us* into the grace of Christ, *into ANOTHER gospel !* which indeed is not another, it is NO GOSPEL at all. Terms and conditions, instead of free, sovereign grace, is the law still. There is, there can be no middle way to immortal happiness, no medium between merit and free grace, ourselves and Jesus. A believer is not justified partly by himself, or for any conformity and obedience he doth yield, or for his faithfulness to grace received, and partly by Christ to make up the deficiency ; but he is justified and saved by the whole obedience, and whole satisfaction of Jesus Christ, imputed to him by faith ; by virtue of our union with Jesus Christ, our divine head, all the members of his mystical body (O heart-reviving consolation !) are the  
happy



happy partakers of all holiness and PERFECT-  
TION : And this principal is the living, vital,  
powerful spring of all holy walk, all suitable  
practice of life and conversation here, and of a  
growing meetness for the enjoyment of Christ's  
kingdom, with the saints in light above.

To teach or believe otherwise, is to disallow  
the scripture doctrine of *perfection*, to deny the  
nature of true holiness, and is also contrary to  
the truths of the everlasting gospel of free and  
full salvation by the blood of Jesus, disagree-  
able to the experience of all the children of  
God here, and quite inconsistent with the ac-  
knowledgment of the saints in bliss and glory  
above.

O methinks I hear one of those glorified  
inhabitants, fond to praise, and free from pride,  
sweetly relate what lodged him safe in those  
heavenly mansions: ' Love planned the grand  
' design; love, almighty eternal love reigned  
' in the breast of Jesus. In the fulness of  
' time, he bowed the heavens, and came  
' down: His glory laid aside, emptied of all  
' but *love*, in suffering form appeared; in shame  
' and ignominy lived; treated with disgrace  
' and scorn, all due to sinful me. In his holy  
' life fulfilled the law of God. By his death  
' in agonizing pain, torments exquisite, and  
' insupportable, veins sweating blood, blood  
' issuing from every pore, his agony begun;  
' nor

' nor did he stop, till hanging, bleeding,  
 ' groaning, dying on the painful cross, he shed  
 ' the last drop of his purple gore for guilty *me*.  
 ' Now is God's just wrath appeased : Now  
 ' heaven lost and happiness forfeited, were re-  
 ' gained ; and the travail of his loving soul, for  
 ' millions of millions, and for *guilty me*, he  
 ' saw. The spirit now received for rebellious  
 ' man, plentifully streamed forth. Grace pain-  
 ' fully obtained, was now freely bestowed. O  
 ' could a sigh in heaven be felt or known, the  
 ' mention of what I was, the state wherein I  
 ' lay, when grace first found me out, would  
 ' cause it. When grace begun its work on  
 ' ruined me ; love beamed discovering light,  
 ' whereby I saw myself, and mourned and  
 ' wept. Love wrought by grace, and sweetly  
 ' charmed my soul to God's dear Lamb ; our  
 ' suffering Saviour once, our exalted Prince  
 ' and Saviour now. What form, what come-  
 ' liness appeared, when Jesus first I saw by  
 ' faith's enlightened eye ! I looked on him, I  
 ' pierced and mourned, beheld and loved ;  
 ' sweetly my captivated heart was won ; the  
 ' exceeding greatness of his power, exerted  
 ' thus to me, by faith, (by no power of mine  
 ' produced, but) by faith supernatural and  
 ' divine, the Spirit's work ; my new-born soul  
 ' now clave to my Beloved's Embrace ; whilst  
 ' the voice of joy was in my heart, a peace  
 ' that passeth all understanding overflowed my  
 ' heaven-born

' heaven-born soul. Thus brought home to  
 ' the great shepherd and bishop of my soul,  
 ' a wandering and departing spirit still remain-  
 ' ed within, and often inclined my silly heart  
 ' to stray, to devious sinful and destructive  
 ' paths did turn : Nature oft did prompt, and  
 ' self would gladly reign ; but Jesus reigned  
 ' above, nor did he me neglect, nor did the  
 ' Spirit quite forsake his work, when self, and  
 ' pride, and nature would oppose ; sin and  
 ' self did oft my peace disturb, but not my  
 ' Saviour's love destroy. Not moved at first  
 ' by ought in me to undertake my cause, nor  
 ' after bribed by terms and conditions by me  
 ' performed his saving grace to continue ; no :  
 ' within his loving breast a stronger motive  
 ' lay, by that determined, me to save from  
 ' sin and hell ; nought could withstand Om-  
 ' nipotence itself, such is Jesus, and by his  
 ' Grace, through nature's strong opposing  
 ' power, to glory, bliss and heaven I am  
 ' brought. JESUS the incarnate God then  
 ' let us praise, JESUS our song shall ever be ;  
 ' *Salvation, salvation to God, and the Lamb.*

Ready the glorified host, the heavenly har-  
 pers stand eagerly join with united cry, while  
 a holy contention reigns who shall Jesus mag-  
 nify and praise the most. O blest emulation !  
 O glorious exultation ! O may the dear Lamb  
 of God, who is the subject of their praise, the  
 object of our faith, be the constant subject of



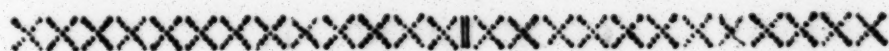
our joy and delight! God forbid that we should ever glory in any thing, save only in the cross of the Lord Jesus! Lord save us from glorying in, or trusting to any other than HIS PERFECT righteousness! O that we may be of the *true circumcision, who worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have NO CONFIDENCE in the flesh!*

Courteous reader, if thou art of this happy number, thou hast indeed the greatest reason to chant praises to the God of love, to SING of the freeness of divine grace, and to triumph in the fulness of the Redemption purchased for thee, by Jesus, thy friend, thy Saviour, and thy God.

I here present thee with a Collection of such HYMNS as I think are agreeable to the word of God, and the experience of all true Christians; in which I hope I have carefully avoided those compositions which breathe the proud, pernicious, and unscriptural spirit of *Arminianism*; or that favour of the poisonous, antichristian, and licentious doctrine of *Antinomianism*. In the sincerity of my heart and affection of my soul, I would recommend them, praying the dear Son of God, the God of all grace and power, to make them useful to us in our pilgrimage here below, till we come to join in more elevated and enlivened strains above.



A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
H Y M N S, &c.



H Y M N I.

The M U S I C I A N.

**T**HOU God of harmony and love,  
Whose name transports the saints above,  
And lulls the ravish'd spheres;  
On thee in feeble strains I call,  
And mix my humble voice with all  
Thy heavenly choristers.

2 O might I with thy saints aspire,  
The meanest of that dazling choir  
Who chant thy praise above;  
Mix'd with the bright musician band,  
May I an heav'nly harper stand,  
And sing the song of love.

3 What extasy of bliss is there,  
While all th' angelic concert share,  
And drink the floating joys!  
What more than ectasy, when all  
Struck to the golden pavement fall  
At Jesu's glorious voice.

- 4 Jesus! the heaven of heavens he is,  
 The soul of harmony and bliss!  
 And while on him we gaze;  
 And while his glorious voice we hear,  
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,  
 And silence speaks his praise.
- 5 O might I die that awe to prove,  
 That prostrate awe which dares not move  
 Before the great Three-One,  
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,  
 And all eternity employ  
 In songs around the throne.

## H Y M N II.

For the LORD'S DAY in the Morning.

- T**HE Saviour meets his flock to-day,  
 Shall I in sloth abide at home?  
 Shall I behind his people stay?  
 When Jesus calls, there still is room:  
 I'll go: it is a house of prayer,  
 Who knows but God may meet me there.
- 2 To-day Immanuel feeds his saints,  
 And there the Christians find their King;  
 There they lay open their complaints,  
 And there the holy armies sing:  
 Into their number I'll presume,  
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come.
- 3 How long did faithful Anna wait?  
 And seek the Lord for fourscore years;  
 Both day and night the temple gate  
 She watch'd with many groans and tears;  
 Nor would she leave the house of prayer  
 'Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.
- 4 Dear Saviour then permit me pow'r,  
 And like the saint I'll watch for thee;  
 Content I'll wait the appointed hour,  
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me:

Daily



Daily my soul within thy gate,  
Shall for thy loving-kindness wait.

- 5 Remove temptations, O my Lord,  
And let mine enemies be slain,  
Which would withdraw me from thy word,  
And plunge me in the world again :  
And when the Bridegroom shall appear,  
O let my soul be found in pray'r !

## H Y M N III.

## On the LORD'S DAY.

**S**WEET is the work, O GOD, our King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
To shew thy Love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy Truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares should seize our breast ;  
O may our hearts in tune be found,  
Like David's harp, of solemn sound !
- 3 Our hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,  
And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy councils ! how divine !
- 4 O may we see, and hear, and know,  
What mortals cannot reach below :  
May all our pow'rs find sweet employ  
In Christ's eternal world of joy !

## H Y M N IV.

## ANOTHER.

**W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day :  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,  
Where our dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 Bid, Lord, our souls to stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And when thou call'st for them away,  
Waft them to endless bliss.

## H Y M N V.

For the LORD'S DAY in the Afternoon.

**B**LESS'D be thy name, Immortal King,  
Of all the nations LORD ;  
Whose love provides for fainting souls  
The cordial of thy word.

- 2 Again, with troops of pious friends,  
We seek the house of prayer ;  
To learn thy will, to sing thy praise,  
Again, Lord, meet us there.
- 3 Lift up our souls in holy zeal,  
Inflame our breasts with love ;  
Touch our unhallow'd lips with fire,  
O thou anointing Dove !
- 4 Leave then, my soul, the things of earth,  
With God's assembly join ;  
Lo ! heav'n descends, inviting man  
To taste the things divine.
- 5 I come, dear Saviour, lo, I come !  
Lord of my life and soul ;  
I come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,  
Be pleas'd to make me whole.

I thirst,

- 6 I thirst, and fly to thee, my Lord,  
 Thou fountain-head of good ;  
 Filthy I come, and all unclean,  
 O cleanse me in thy blood !

## H Y M N VI.

## LORD'S DAY EVENING.

**W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I,  
 Behold thee all serene ?  
 Blest in perpetual sabbath day,  
 Without a veil between ?

- 2 Assist me while I wander here,  
 Amidst a world of cares ;  
 Incline my heart to pray with love,  
 And then accept my pray'rs.
- 3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,  
 No more hell's captive led ;  
 And pardon a repenting child,  
 For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me my God, O spare the soul,  
 That gives itself to thee ;  
 Take all that I possess below,  
 And give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy spirit, O my father, give,  
 To be my guide and friend,  
 To light my way to ceaseless joys,  
 Where sabbaths never end.

## H Y M N VII.

## MORNING WORSHIP.

**O**LORD, how many are our foes,  
 In this weak state of flesh and blood !  
 Our peace they daily discompose,  
 But our defence and hope is God.



- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,  
 To thee we rais'd an ev'ning cry :  
 Thou heard'st when we began to pray  
 And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,  
 We laid us down, and slept secure ;  
 Not death shall make our hearts afraid,  
 Tho' we should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd us all the night ;  
 Salvation doth to God belong :  
 He rais'd our heads to see the light,  
 And he shall have our morning song.

## H Y M N VIII.

## ANOTHER.

- C**OME let us adore  
 The Lord's gracious hand,  
 (Our great Governor,)  
 Who gave a command,  
 And charge to his angels  
 To watch round our bed,  
 To guard us from evils,  
 From dangers and dread.
- 2 Our Shepherd alone,  
 The Lord, let us bless,  
 Who reigns on the throne  
 The Prince of our peace :  
 Who evermore saves us  
 By shedding his blood ;  
 All hail, Holy Jesus,  
 Our Lord and our God !
- 3 We daily will sing  
 Thy merits, thy praise,  
 Thou merciful spring  
 Of pity and grace :

Thy

Thy kindness for ever  
To men will we tell,  
And say, our dear Sav'our  
Redeems us from hell.

- 4 Preserve us in love  
While here we abide ;  
Nor never remove,  
Nor cover, nor hide,  
Thy glor'ous salvation ;  
'Till joyful we see  
The beautiful vision  
Completed in thee.

## H Y M N IX.

### EVENING WORSHIP.

**N**OW from the altar of our hearts,  
Let incense flames arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 Awake our love, awake our joy,  
Awake our heart and tongue !  
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys,  
Do a new song require !  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set  
New time upon our score ;  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more !

H Y M N

## H Y M N S

## H Y M N X.

## A N O T H E R.

**T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days  
 And ev'ry evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I perhaps am near my home :  
 O Lord forgive my follies past,  
 And give me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
 Peace be the pillow for my head,  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
 Tell me a thousand frightful things,  
 My God in safety makes me dwell  
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear ;  
 O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

## H Y M N XI.

## A N O T H E R.

**A**LL praise to him who dwells in bliss,  
 Who made both day and night :  
 Whose throne is darkness in th' abyfs  
 Of uncreated light.

Each



- 2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes  
With strictest search survey :  
The deepest shades no more disguise  
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,  
No evil shall molest ;  
Under the shadow of thy wings  
Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds  
Their constant stations keep :  
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,  
For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we with calm and sweet repose,  
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd ;  
Our eye-lids with the morn's uncloset,  
And bless the Ever-bless'd !

## H Y M N XII.

## FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

**M**Y God, how endless is thy love ?  
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distill like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowzy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## H Y M N XIII.

Longing for the House of God.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are ;  
The new-born soul both longs and faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace !  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and thro' the road  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 4 O may we walk with growing strength,  
Till we all meet in heav'n at length,  
Till all before Christ's face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there !

## H Y M N XIV.

Entering into the Congregation.

**F**OUNTAIN of Life, to all below  
Let thy salvation roll ;  
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,  
Ev'ry believing soul.

- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,  
Us weary sinners take ;  
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word  
For thy own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,  
And we shall flow to thee,  
While down the stream of time we glide  
To our eternity.

- 4 The well of life to us thou art,  
Of joy, the swelling flood:  
Wafted by thee with willing heart  
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,  
Into thy fulness fall,  
Be lost, and swallow'd up in thee,  
Our God, our all in all!

## H Y M N XV.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

**T**O praise redeeming love,  
Dear christians lend a voice;  
Come thou, diviner Dove,  
And help us to rejoice:  
Our hearts too low,  
Lord, thou canst raise;  
Blest spirit, blow,  
And we shall praise.

- 2 Here, Lord, may we admire  
The riches of thy grace,  
Till thou shalt call us higher,  
There to behold thy face:  
Oh, height of grace?  
Oh, depth of love!  
Lord, fit us for  
Our place above.

- 3 Who can thy love express?  
Thy mercy ne'er decays!  
What can our souls do less  
Than love thee all our days?  
Bless God, each soul,  
E'en unto death;  
And write a song  
For ev'ry breath.



## H Y M N XVI.

## I N V I T A T I O N .

**T**HE Lord of life and glory stands,  
 Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands;  
 He calls ten thousand sinners round,  
 And sends a voice from ev'ry wound.

- 2 ' Attend, ye thirsty souls, draw near,  
 ' And satiate all your wishes here!  
 ' Behold, the living fountain flows  
 ' In streams as various as your woes!
- 3 ' An ample pardon here I give,  
 ' And bid the sentenc'd rebel live;  
 ' Shew him my Father's smiling face,  
 ' And lodge him in his dear embrace.
- 4 ' I purge from sin's detested stain,  
 ' And make the crimson white again;  
 ' Lead to celestial joys, refin'd,  
 ' And lasting as the deathless mind.
- 5 ' Must I anew my pity prove?  
 ' Witness the words of melting love,  
 ' The gushing tears, the lab'ring breath,  
 ' And all these scars of bleeding death.'
- 6 O Jesu let me doubt no more;  
 But hear, and wonder, and adore:  
 And panting seek that fountain-head,  
 Whence waters so divine proceed.
- 7 Still near its stream may I be found,  
 Long as I tread this earthly ground!  
 Till death shall make my last remove  
 To dwell for ever with my love.

## H Y M N XVII.

## A N O T H E R .

**C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full

Full of pity, love and pow'r;  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money  
Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him,  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finish'd."  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude.  
None but JESUS  
Can do helpless sinners good.

9 Saints and angels join'd in concert  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his Name.  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may do the same.

## H Y M N XVIII.

## T H E S A M E.

**Y**E weary wanderers draw near,  
 That know no solid peace or rest,  
 Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,  
 And lean upon your Saviour's breast:  
 All's stolen fruit that can be found  
 To cheer the soul on nature's ground.

2 Come, for the gospel bids you come:  
 Jesus for sinners bled and dy'd;  
 The sacred word reports there's room,  
 The Lamb he woos you for his bride;  
 Your souls shall find a resting-place  
 In th' arms of everlasting grace.

3 The day of small things don't despise;  
 By poverty increase your store;  
 The happy soul that's truly wise,  
 Can richer grow by being poor:  
 To melt in love, to sink in shame,  
 This be my wish, be that my flame.

4 Give me a sympathizing soul,  
 To bear thy suff'rings on my heart,  
 Thy pain and agonizing toil,  
 Nor let me from this vision part;  
 Then shall I heartily rejoice,  
 And raise to thee my grateful voice.

5 All earthly objects now give way,  
 Nature and creature both resign;  
 On thee by faith myself I'll stay,  
 And taste the pow'r of love divine;  
 Redemption in thy blood is found,  
 My anchor's cast on sacred ground.



## H Y M N XIX.

At the opening of WORSHIP.

**N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,  
 Descending from above,  
 His waiting family inspire  
 With joy, and peace, and love!

- 2 Thee we the Comforter confess;  
 Unless thou'rt present here,  
 Our songs of praise are vain address,  
 We utter heartless pray'r.
- 3 'Wake, heav'nly Wind, arise, and come,  
 Blow on the drooping field;  
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,  
 And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip  
 That shall proclaim thy word;  
 And bid each awful hearer keep  
 Attention to the Lord.
- 5 Hasten the restitution-day,  
 Which now corruption shrouds;  
 New heav'ns and new earth display,  
 With JESUS in the clouds.

## H Y M N XX.

A N O T H E R.

**O**NCE more we come before our God,  
 Once more his blessing ask;  
 O may not duty seem a load,  
 Nor worship prove a task?

- 2 Father, thy quick'ning spirit send  
 From heav'n in Jesu's name,  
 To make our waiting minds attend,  
 And put our souls in frame.

- 3 May we receive the word we hear,  
Each in an honest heart;  
Hoard up the precious treasure there,  
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose;  
To each thy blessing suit;  
And let the seed thy servant sows  
Produce a plenteous fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north-wind 'wake;  
Say to the south-wind, blow;  
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,  
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,  
The cold with warmth divine;  
And as the benefit is ours,  
Be all the glory thine.

## HYMN XXI.

## ANOTHER.

- C**OME, ye sinners, come to JESUS,  
Think upon your gracious Lord;  
He has pity'd your condition,  
He has sent his gospel-word.  
Mercy calls you,  
Mercy flows on JESU'S blood.
- 2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wond'rous love;  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve;  
Bless, O bless them  
From thy shining courts above.
- 3 Now thy gracious word invites them  
To partake the gospel-feast;  
Let thy spirit sweetly draw them,  
Ev'ry soul be JESU'S guest.  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

HYMN

## H Y M N XXII.

## A N O T H E R.

- L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow :  
 O! do not our suit disdain,  
 Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?
- 2 LORD, on thee our souls depend,  
 In compassion now descend :  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
 Lord, we know not how to go,  
 'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford ;  
 Let thy spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
 Let the time of joy return ;  
 Those that are cast down, lift up ;  
 Make them strong in faith and hope !
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find  
 Thee a gracious God and kind ;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free :  
 Let us all rejoice in thee !

## H Y M N XXIII.

## B E F O R E S P E A K I N G.

**G**LORY to God, who gave the word,  
 And bid the preachers cry ;  
 Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,  
 And brought salvation nigh.

Lord,



- 2 Lord, ever give us of this bread,  
And grant us ears to hear;  
Hearts to receive the heav'nly seed,  
And bring forth fruit with fear.
- 3 O may thy word direct our path,  
And guide our falt'ring feet;  
Direct us in the living way,  
And to thy mercy-seat!
- 4 Fountain of everlasting life,  
Of bliss, and truth, and good;  
Give us (that we may never thirst)  
To drink of JESU'S blood.
- 5 Fill every hungry soul, who cries,  
From thine exhaustless store;  
And let no one go empty hence,  
But taste, and pray for more.
- 6 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed  
With the eternal word;  
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,  
Increasing in the Lord.

## HYMN XXIV.

## AFTER SPEAKING.

**W**ITH heart and lips unfeign'd,  
We praise thee for thy word;  
We bless thee for the joyful news  
Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain  
Returns not back to heav'n,  
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,  
The end for which 'twas given:

3 So let thy present voice  
Accomplish thy design;  
Distill on all our thirsty souls,  
And consecrate us thine.

Water

- 4 Water thy sacred seed,  
And give it great increase;  
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,  
Hinder the fruits of peace.
- 5 Then tho' we weeping fow,  
And tears our hours employ;  
We know we shall return again,  
And bring our sheaves with joy.
- 6 Our lives now hid with CHRIST,  
With him shall soon appear;  
And we array'd in all his light,  
Shall meet him in the air.

## H Y M N XXV.

The Saviour's Invitation, John vii. 37.

- T**HE Saviour calls,—let ev'ry ear  
Attend the heav'nly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow,  
And life and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
To ease your ev'ry pain,  
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;  
The gracious call obey;  
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,  
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXVI.

A N O T H E R.

**L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice,  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

5 Dear God, the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines:  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins.

6 The happy gates of gospel-grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

## H Y M N XXVII.

WEARY SOULS INVITED TO REST.

Matt. xi. 2, 8.

**C**OME, weary souls, with sins distressed,  
The Saviour offers heav'nly rest;  
The kind, the gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd



- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;  
Pardon and life, and endless peace—  
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,  
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

## H Y M N XXVIII.

## THE POWER OF FAITH.

**F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares;  
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,  
And softens all my cares:

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heav'nly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r  
The healing balm to give:  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.

Shewe

- 5 Shews me the precious promise, seal'd  
 With the redeemer's blood;  
 And helps my feeble hope to rest  
 Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I rest,  
 Till this vile body dies;  
 And then on faith's triumphant wings,  
 At once to glory rise.

## H Y M N XXIX.

## The GOOD SHEPHERD.

- W**HEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,  
 How quickly my sorrows depart!  
 New beauties around me appear,  
 New spirits enliven my heart:  
 His presence gives peace to my soul,  
 And Satan assaults me in vain,  
 If my Shepherd his power controul,  
 I think I no more shall complain.
- 2 But, alas! what a change do I find,  
 When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight!  
 My fears all return to my mind,  
 My day is soon chang'd into night:  
 Then Satan his efforts renews  
 To vex and ensnare me again;  
 All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,  
 And can only lament and complain.
- 3 By these changes I often pass through,  
 I am taught my own weakness to know;  
 I am taught what my Shepherd can do,  
 And how much to his mercy I owe:  
 It is he who supports me thro' all,  
 When I faint he revives me again;  
 He attends to my pray'r when I call,  
 And bids me no longer complain.

Where-

- 4 Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve,  
 Since my Shepherd is always the same,  
 And has promis'd he never will leave  
 The soul that confides in his name?  
 To relieve me from all that I fear,  
 He was buffeted, tempted, and slain;  
 And at length he will surely appear,  
 Tho' he leaves me awhile to complain.
- 5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,  
 Can I hope to be always at peace?  
 'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,  
 And that shortly this warfare will cease:  
 For ere long he will bid me remove,  
 From this region of sorrow and pain,  
 To abide in his presence above,  
 And then I no more shall complain.

## H Y M N XXX.

Panting after J E S U S.

- T**HOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,  
 The joy of the upright in heart,  
 For closer communion they pine,  
 Still, still to reside where thou art;  
 The pasture, oh! when shall we find,  
 Where all, who their shepherd obey,  
 Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,  
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah shew us that happiest place,  
 That place of thy people's abode,  
 Where saints in an extasy gaze,  
 And hang on a crucify'd God:  
 Thy love for lost sinners declare,  
 Thy passion and death on the tree,  
 Our spirits to Calvary bear  
 To suffer and triumph with thee.



- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
 There only we'd covet to rest,  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast;  
 'Tis there we would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart,  
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thy heart.

## H Y M N XXXI.

- S**ON of God! thy blessing grant,  
 Still supply our ev'ry want,  
 Tree of life thine influence shed,  
 With thy sap our spirits feed!
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,  
 Wither without thee, and die:  
 Weak as helpless infancy—  
 O confirm our souls in thee!
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee we fall!  
 Send the strength for which we call!  
 Weaker than a bruised reed,  
 Help, we ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All our hopes on thee depend,  
 Love us! save us to the end!  
 Give us the continuing grace—  
 Take the everlasting praise!

## H Y M N XXXII.

Desiring to Praise Worthily.

**C**OME thou fount of ev'ry blessing!  
 Tune our hearts to sing thy grace!  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise?  
 Teach us some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount—O! fix us on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here

- 2 Here we raise our Eben-Ezer,  
 Hither by thine help we're come;  
 Trusting, Lord, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home:  
 Jesus sought us, all when strangers,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God,  
 He, to rescue us from dangers,  
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace, what mighty debtors,  
 Daily, hourly, Lord, are we,  
 Let that grace, like strongest fetters,  
 Bind our wand'ring hearts to thee!  
 Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,  
 Prone to leave the God of love—  
 Here's our hearts—O take, and seal them!  
 Seal them from thy courts above.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

## G R A T I T U D E.

- W**HAT shall we render unto thee,  
 Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r?  
 Teach us to bow the humble knee,  
 Teach us with thankfulness t'adore,  
 To praise thee as thy saints above,  
 To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.
- 2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,  
 And left the watchful shepherd's eye;  
 When born along the impetuous tide  
 Of this world's sin and vanity:  
 Then Jesus from the heav'ns came down  
 To save us by his grace alone.
- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,  
 To seek and save the lost he came,  
 There was he bound to set us free,  
 From death and everlasting shame;  
 The captive flock from hell was freed  
 And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before

- 4 Before the Father's awful throne,  
Our merciful High-Priest yet stands,  
And interceding for his own,  
The purchas'd remnant now demands  
His people's everlasting friend  
Who loving—loves them to the end!
- 5 May we his banish'd ones rejoice,  
Him for our Lord and God to own,  
To take him as our only choice  
And cleave to him in love alone;  
Still growing up in holiness  
'Till call'd to meet, in realms of peace.
- 6 Then shall our grateful songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;  
No sin, no sorrow shall be found,  
No night o'ercloud the endless day,  
O praise him! all beneath, above!  
O praise him! praise the God of love.

## H Y M N XXXIV.

Before SERMON.

**N**OW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesu's name,  
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas, who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,





- 5 Yea, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,  
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known:  
 For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,  
 And share in the gladness of all who believe.

## H Y M N XXXVI.

Psalm cxxxi. Matt. xi. 29.

- L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,  
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
 I shall as my Master be,  
 Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that thee I know,  
 Nothing shall I seek below,  
 Aim at nothing great or high,  
 Lowly both in heart and eye.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
 Chang'd into a little child,  
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 4 Father! fix my soul on thee,  
 Ev'ry evil let me flee,  
 Nothing want beneath, above,  
 Happy, happy in thy love!
- 5 O! that all may seek and find,  
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!  
 Him let Israel still adore,  
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

Offices of CHRIST.

- J**OIN all the glorious names  
 Of wisdom, love and pow'r,  
 That mortals ever knew,  
 That angels ever bore:

All are too mean  
To speak his worth,  
Too mean to set  
Our Sav'our forth.

- 2 But, O what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use,  
To teach his heav'nly grace!  
My soul with joy  
And wonder see,  
What forms of love  
He bears for thee!

- 3 Array'd in mortal Flesh,  
Christ like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hand:  
Commission'd from  
His Father's throne,  
To make his grace  
To mortals known,

- 4 Great Prophet of our God,  
Our tongues would bless thy name:  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came:  
The joyful news  
Of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd  
And peace with heav'n.

- 5 Be thou our counsellor,  
Our pattern, and our guide:  
And thro' this desert land,  
Still keep us near thy side:  
O let our feet  
Ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove nor seek  
The crooked way.



- 6 Jesus, our great high-priest,  
 Offer'd his blood and dy'd:  
 Thou guilty sinner seek  
 No sacrifice beside:  
 His pow'rful blood  
 Did once atone,  
 And now it pleads  
 Before the throne.
- 7 Then let our souls arise,  
 And tread the tempter down;  
 Our Captain leads us forth  
 To conquest and a crown:  
 A feeble saint  
 Shall win the day,  
 Tho' death and hell  
 Obstruct the way.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a  
 Mediator.

- C**OME let us lift our joyful eyes  
 Up to the courts above,  
 And smile to see our Father there  
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
 And shot devouring flame;  
 Our God appear'd consuming fire,  
 And Veng'ance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood  
 That calm'd his frowning face,  
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
 And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,  
 And venture near the Lord:  
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
 Nor double-flaming sword.

The

- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,  
Are open'd by the Son,  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach the almighty throne :
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high ;  
And glory to the eternal King  
That lays his fury by.

## H Y M N XXXIX.

CHRIST'S Compassion for the tempted.

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our high-priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r ;  
We shall obtain deliver'ing grace  
In the distressing hour.

## H Y M N XL.

## Salvation by Grace.

**L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,  
 How great our guilt has been;  
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
 And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
 For ever love his name,  
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,  
 Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not By works of right'ousness,  
 Which our own hands have done;  
 But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace  
 Abounding thro' his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
 That all our hopes begin;  
 'Tis by the water and the blood  
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,  
 Who hung upon the tree,  
 The spirit is sent down to breathe  
 On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew,  
 And justify'd by grace;  
 We shall appear in glory too,  
 And see our Father's face.

## H Y M N XLI.

## SALVATION.

**S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

Buried



- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay,  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

## H Y M N XLII.

G O D all, and in all.

**M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis paradise when thou art here,  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,  
How am'able they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy grac'ous throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heav'nly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face:
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No, not a drop of real joy  
Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou

- 7 Thou art the sea of love  
 Where all my pleasures roll,  
 The circle where my passions move,  
 And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly  
 With infinite desire,  
 And yet how far from thee I lie;  
 Dear Jesus raise me higher.

## H Y M N XLIII.

## Redemption by CHRIST.

- W**HEN the first parents of our race  
 Rebell'd, and lost their God,  
 And the infection of their sin  
 Had tainted all our blood:
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart  
 Of the eternal Son:  
 Descending from the heavenly court  
 He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw  
 His most divine array,  
 And wrap'd his Godhead in a veil  
 Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,  
 Redeem'd unhappy men,  
 And rais'd the ruin of our race  
 To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul  
 We joyfully resign;  
 Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,  
 For we are doubly thine.
- 6 O may thine honour ever be  
 The business of our days;  
 In flame our hearts, assist our tongues,  
 To speak thy worthy praise!

## H Y M N XLIV.

The Robe of Righteousness.

- A** WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,  
 Prepare a tuneful voice;  
 In God, the life of all my joys,  
 Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,  
 And made salvation mine;  
 Upon a poor polluted worm  
 He makes his mercies shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
 Should on my soul be found,  
 He took the robe the Sav'our wrought  
 And cast it all around.
- 4 How far this heav'nly robe exceeds  
 What earthly princes wear!  
 These ornaments how bright they shine!  
 How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,  
 And hope and ev'ry grace;  
 But Jesus spent his life to work  
 The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
 By the great sacred Three!  
 In sweetest harmony of praise,  
 Let all thy pow'rs agree.

## H Y M N XLV.

The Love of CHRIST constraineth us.

2 Cor. v. 14.

**H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breast:  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And strengthens all the rest.

E

Knowledge



- 2 Knowledge, alas! is all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our active feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know, and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this poor abode,  
The wings of love bear us away,  
To see our smiling God.

## H Y M N XLVI.

## The Love of CHRIST.

**T**EACH me yet more of thy blest ways,  
Thou wond'rous Lamb of God;  
And fix and root me in the grace  
So dearly bought with blood.

- 2 O tell me often of each wound,  
Of ev'ry smart and pain;  
And let my heart with joy confess  
From hence comes all my gain.
- 3 For this still let me freely count  
Whate'er I have but loss;  
And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing  
Compar'd with thee, but dross.
- 4 Whence is it, merciful high-priest,  
That thou didst bleed for me?  
Me, full of sin and void of worth,  
The cause was all in thee.

Thy

- 5 Thy tender heart could not endure  
 To see me heplefs lie;  
 To see me fall a prey to death,  
 Thyself would'ft rather die.
- 6 Engrave this deeply on my heart,  
 With an eternal pen;  
 That I may in my fmall degree  
 Return thy love again.
- 7 But who can pay fo high a debt,  
 Or equal love like thine?  
 Thou wast when forely wounded thus  
 A perfon all divine
- 8 O! rather give me daily more,  
 More ev'ry hour to fee,  
 That thou a bount'ous giver art,  
 I muft a debtor be.

## H Y M N XLVII.

## INVITATION.

**H**ITHER ye poor, ye fick, ye blind,  
 A fin-diforder'd trembling throng;  
 To you the Gospel calls, to you  
 Mefiah's bleffings all belong.

- 2 Reason's and virtue's boasting fons  
 Derive no bleffing from his tree:  
 For finners only Jefus dy'd,  
 Then fure I hear he dy'd for me.
- 3 'Twas with our griefs Mefiah groan'd,  
 'Twas with our guilt his foul was try'd;  
 Our punifhment he took, he bore,  
 And finners liv'd when Jefus dy'd.
- 4 Awake each heart, arife each foul,  
 And join the blifsful choirs above:  
 May nothing tune our future fong,  
 But heav'nly Wifdom, heav'nly love.

## H Y M N XLVIII.

To the TRINITY.

**W**E give immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love ;  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And better hopes above.

He sent his own  
 Eternal Son,  
 To die for sins  
 That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who bought us with his blood,  
 From everlasting woe.

And now he lives,  
 And now he reigns,  
 And sees the fruit  
 Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name,  
 Immortal worship give ;  
 Whose new-creating pow'r  
 Makes the dead sinners live.

His work compleats  
 The great design,  
 And fills the soul  
 With joy divine.

## H Y M N XLIX.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

**B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
 And speak some boundless thing,  
 The mighty works, or mightier name,  
 Of our eternal king.

Tell



- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
And sound his pow'r abroad,  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched dying men;  
His hand hath writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze  
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 O might I hear thine heav'nly tongue  
But whisper, Thou art mine!  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.
- 6 How would our leaping hearts rejoice,  
And think our heav'n secure!  
Give us to hear thy gracious voice  
And faith desires no more.

## H Y M N L.

## The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.

**O**H! the delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace!

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love,  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.
- 3 His head, the dear majestic head,  
That cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine,  
And circle it around!

- 4 This is the man, th<sup>e</sup> exalted man,  
Whom we, unseen, adore;  
But when our eyes behold his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 5 Lord, set our spirits all on fire  
To see thy blest'd abode;  
And tune our tongues to sing the praise  
Of our incarnate God.

## H Y M N LI.

Look on him whom they pierc'd, and  
mourn.

- I**S there a thing beneath the sky,  
Can comfort bring, or satisfy,  
But our dear Saviour's wounds?  
Here is a sweet and constant peace,  
A treasure full of richest grace,  
All else are empty sounds.
- 2 Attend, my soul, sink down with shame  
Before his face, who only came  
To suffer, bleed and die:  
O think upon thy sin, and guilt,  
For which his precious blood was spilt,  
Thou didst him crucify.
- 3 See, thou vile piece of sinful dust,  
Thy dearest Lord sweat for thy lust,  
'Till drops of blood fall down!  
See how he yonder prostrate lies!  
Observe his mournful pray'r and cries,  
Mark every tear and groan.
- 4 See thy dear Lord dragg'd like a thief,  
Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,  
For thee a sacrifice:  
Fasten'd unto the shameful wood,  
Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood;  
So dear thy ransom price!

Lord,

- 5 Lord, did'st thou suffer thus for me?  
 Did'st thou feel all this misery  
 To give me life and peace?  
 Then let me bear it on my heart,  
 My All is purchas'd with thy smart,  
 Thy blood signs my release.

## H Y M N LII.

## The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

- A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,  
 Away from earth our souls retreat;  
 We leave this worthless world afar,  
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,  
 We see thy feet, and we adore;  
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
 And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,  
 United groans ascend on high;  
 And prayer bears a quick return  
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father, our souls would still abide  
 Within thy temple, near thy side;  
 But if our feet must hence depart;  
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

## H Y M N LIII.

## Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

- N**OT all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Can give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.

But



- 2 But Christ, the Heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand,  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with chearful voice  
And sing his bleeding love.

## H Y M N LIV.

GOD reconciled in CHRIST.

- D**EAREST of all the names above,  
Our Jesus and our God,  
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Emmanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

While

- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
 I love th' incarnate myftery,  
 And there I fix my trust.

## H Y M N LV.

CHRIST our Great Melchisedec.

**T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 We love to hear of thee;  
 No music like thy charming name  
 Ne'er half so sweet can be.  
 O may we ever hear thy voice  
 In mercy to us speak,  
 And in our priest will we rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.

- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay,  
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,  
 When all things else decay:  
 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all his favour'd throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song.

## H Y M N LVI.

Breathing after Holiness.

**L**OVE divine, all love-excelling,  
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down,  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
 Pure-unbounded love thou art,  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,  
 Into every troubled breast,  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.  
 Take away the power of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be,  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive,  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave.  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,  
 Pure unspotted may we be,  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restor'd by thee;  
 Chang'd from glory into glory,  
 'Till in heav'n we take our place,  
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## H Y M N .LVII.

## The Day of Espousals.

- S**WEET was the hour, the minutes sweet,  
 When my beloved me did meet,  
 His death to evidence:  
 My heart, which wounded was before,  
 Kindly he bound; therein did pour  
 Love's healing quintessence.
- 2 Death's heritage he then laid waste,  
 And calm'd each stormy furious blast,  
 And cancell'd all my sins;

Placing



Placing his cross before my eyes,  
"Look to me, and be sav'd," he cries,  
From death thy life begins.

3 Sweet was the feast my heart enjoy'd,  
I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,  
For more I thirsted still:  
Here let me stay, I longing pray'd,  
Sure this is Achor's vale, I said,  
Or holy Tabor's hill.

4 His left hand under me was plac'd,  
And his right hand my soul embrac'd,  
His kindness sweet did prove:  
Safely I sat beneath his shade,  
Quite round my soul he overspread  
His canopy of love.

5 I sung, assur'd of JESU's love,  
Refresh'd with manna from above,  
For flesh no more I cry'd:  
Warm'd with the sun's enliv'ning beams,  
I laid me down at Shiloh's streams,  
Content and satisfy'd.

6 Untouch'd by Satan's envious crew,  
Upon my fleece, like drops of dew,  
His free grace did descend:  
Strangers in vain attempt to tell  
The joy immense, unspeakable,  
I found in Christ my friend.

7 Thus freed from bondage, I did prove  
The sweets of his redeeming love,  
And bask'd in sunny beams:  
In this sweet frame may I rejoice,  
Still hearken to my Saviour's voice,  
Still drink those living streams!

## H Y M N LVIII.

CHRIST Precious to a Believer.

**J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to my ear;  
 Fain wou'd I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport, and my trust;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,  
 In thee most richly meet;  
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart!  
 And shed its fragrance there!  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
 With my last lab'ring breath;  
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms;  
 My joy in life and death!

## H Y M N LIX.

Praise to CHRIST.

**C**OME let us join our chearful songs,  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,  
 To be exalted thus;  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.

- 3 JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, LORD, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas;  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him, that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## H Y M N LX.

CHRIST our Wisdom.

**H**OW heavy is the night,  
That hangs upon our eyes;  
'Till CHRIST with his reviving light,  
Upon our souls arise?

2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heav'n;  
But in his righteousness array'd,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways,  
His hands infected nature cure,  
With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed chain.

LORD we adore thy ways,  
To bring us near to God;  
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.



## H Y M N XLI.

## The Heavenly Shepherd.

**T**HE LORD, my Shepherd and my Guide,  
Will all my wants supply;  
In safety I shall still abide,  
Beneath his watchful eye.

- 2 Amidst the verdant flow'ry meads  
He makes my sweet repose,  
When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads  
Where living water flows.
- 3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,  
He leads the wand'rer home,  
And shews my erring feet the way  
Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb,  
And death's dark shades appear;  
Thy presence, LORD, shall cheer the gloom,  
And banish ev'ry fear.
- 5 No evil can my soul dismay,  
While I am near my GOD;  
My comfort, my support and stay,  
Thy staff and guiding rod.
- 6 Thy constant bounties me surround,  
Amidst my envious foes;  
My favour'd head with gladness crown'd,  
My cup with blessing flows.
- 7 Thus shall thy goodness, love and care,  
Attend my future days;  
And I shall dwell for ever near  
My GOD, and sing his praise.

## H Y M N LXII.

## CHRIST'S Compassion to the Tempted.

**W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

## H Y M N LXIII.

Phil. iv. 4.

**R**EJOICE, the LORD is King,  
Your GOD and KING adore;  
Mortals give thanks, and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

- 2 JESUS the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our JESUS giv'n:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.
- 4 He sits at GOD's right hand,  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy;  
And ev'ry bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy:  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
JESUS the judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of GOD shall sound, Rejoice.

## H Y M N LXIV.

## The Believer's Request.

JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,  
Be thou my heart's delight;  
Remain the same to me alway,  
My joy by day and night.



- 2 Hungry and thirsty after thee  
May I be found each hour;  
Humble in heart, and happy kept,  
By thy almighty pow'r.
- 3 O may I never once forget  
What a poor worm I am;  
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,  
The blood of God's dear Lamb.
- 4 May thy blest Spirit in my heart,  
Sweetly diffuse abroad  
The love of God, th' incarnate God,  
Who bought me with his blood.
- 5 In holy reverence I wou'd  
With all my heart retain,  
Th' atonement made by JESU's blood,  
And all his wounds and pain.
- 6 The myst'ry of redeeming love  
Be ever dear to me;  
And may the flesh and blood of CHRIST  
My choicest dainty be.

## H Y M N LXV.

Desiring Assurance of God's Favour.

**E**TERNAL source of joys divine,  
To thee my soul aspires:  
O could I say, "The LORD is mine,"  
'Tis all my soul desires.

- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,  
Unmingled, and refin'd;  
Substantial blifs without alloy,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,  
Bid stormy troubles cease,  
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,  
And sweeten pain to peace.

- 4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord !  
 Assure me of thy love ;  
 O speak the kind transporting word,  
 And bid my fears remove.
- 5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,  
 And triumph in my God,  
 Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice,  
 To spread thy praise abroad.

## H Y M N LXVI.

The New Covenant sealed.

- T**HE promise of my Father's love  
 " Shall stand for ever good :"  
 He said, and gave his soul to death,  
 And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,  
 I set my worthless name ;  
 I seal th' engagement to my LORD,  
 And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,  
 And glory shall be mine ;  
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
 And all my pow'rs are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy mine own,  
 Which JESUS did bequeath,  
 'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,  
 And ratify'd in death.

## H Y M N LXVII.

Panting after God.

- T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with thee my heart to share?  
Ah tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there:  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has found repose in thee.
- 3 O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live!  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive.  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.
- 4 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,  
To save me from low-thoughted care:  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there;  
Make me thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call,  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!  
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love be all my choice.

## H Y M N LXVIII.

After Sermon.

- O Jesu, our Lord,  
Thy name be ador'd,  
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy word.
- 2 In spirit we trace,  
Thy wonders of grace,  
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The Ancient of Days,  
His glory displays,  
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

4 The



- 4 The Trumpet of God,  
Is sounding abroad,  
The language of mercy, Salvation thro' blood.
- 5 Thrice happy are they  
Who hear and obey,  
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.
- 6 The people who know  
The Saviour below,  
With burning affection to worship him glow.
- 7 This blessing be mine,  
Through favour divine  
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

## H Y M N LXIX.

## CHRIST'S Second Coming.

**H**E comes, he comes, the Judge severe,  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
The light'nings flash, the thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul;  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-  
come to the faithful soul.

2 From heav'n, angelic voices sound,  
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd,  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the  
Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord;  
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him  
their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout

4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
And all the faints of the Most High?  
Our God, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns;  
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

5 The Father bless, the Son adore,  
The Spirit praise for evermore:  
Salvation's glorious work is done,  
We welcome Thee, Great Three in One;  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-  
come Thee, Great Three in One.

## H Y M N LXX.

## G O D's Goodness to his People.

P S A L M xxiii.

**T**HE Lord supplies his people's need,  
Jehovah is his name;  
In pastures fresh he makes them feed,  
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings their wand'ring spirits back,  
When they forsake his ways,  
And leads them, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When they walk thro' the shades of death,  
His presence is their stay:  
A word of his supporting breath  
Drives all their fears away.

4 His hand in sight of all their foes  
Doth still their table spread,  
Their cup with blessings overflows,  
His oil anoints their head.

5 The sure provisions of our God,  
Attend us all our days:  
O may his house be our abode,  
And all our work his praise!

H Y M N

## H Y M N LXXI.

## An Act of FAITH.

HABAKKUK iii. 17, &amp;c.

**A**WAY my unbelieving fear!  
 Fear shall in me no more take place!  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
 He hides the brightness of his face:  
 But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield—  
 No—in the strength of Jesus, no—  
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,  
 Altho' the olive yield no oil,  
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,  
 The field illude the tiller's toil;  
 The empty stall no herd afford,  
 And perish all the bleating race,  
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren altho' my soul remain,  
 And no one bud of grace appear,  
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
 But sin, and only sin is here;  
 Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,  
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
 And glory that he dy'd for me:

4 In hope, believing against hope,  
 Jesus my Lord and God I claim,  
 Jesus my strength shall lift me up,  
 Salvation is in Jesu's name:  
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,  
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
 On wings of love mount up on high,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N



## H Y M N LXXII.

## PRAYER for SERIOUSNESS.

**T**HOU God of glorious Majesty!  
 To thee, against myself, to thee,  
 A worm of earth I cry:  
 An half-awaken'd child of man,  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
 A sinner born to die.

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand  
 Secure—insensible!  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell!
- 3 O God! mine inmost soul convert!  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart,  
 Eternal things impress!  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And 'wake to righteousness!
- 4 Before me place in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shall come,  
 To judge the nations at thy bar,  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
 To meet a joyful doom.
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,  
 With serious industry and fear,  
 My future bliss t' insure!  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure!
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from the vale to live  
 And reign with thee above,  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

H Y M N

## H Y M N LXXIII.

O Israel, thou has destroyed thyself;  
but in me is thine Help.

**W**HEN I'm in bondage, then I see  
How rightly this is charg'd on me,  
*Thou hast thyself destroy'd:*

So when my Sav'our's love I view,  
And freedom have, I see 'tis true,  
*Thy help is in thy GOD.*

2 In ev'ry change of mind and frame,  
I dare not thee, my Master, blame,  
I know myself's in fault;  
Thou art the same tho' I decay,  
And change and turn ten times a day,  
I know thou changest not.

3 A Saviour always thee I prove,  
For ever full of grace and love,  
Whene'er my sin I see;  
Tho' I myself in darkness lead,  
And fill my soul with guilt and dread  
Thou always set'st me free.

4 I find my help and strength art thou,  
I far from thee should daily go,  
But thou in thy dear hand  
Preserv'st me still: O! still me keep  
Among thy chosen fellowship,  
Till I'm in Canaan's land.

## H Y M N LXXIV.

Following CHRIST, the Sinner's Way  
to GOD.

**J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He that I plac'd my hopes upon;  
His track I see—and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's high-way of holiness  
I'll go; for all the paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have fought,  
And mourn'd, because I found it not;  
My grief, my burden, long have been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
*Come hither, soul, for I'm the way.*
- 5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,  
Shall take me to thee as I am:  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live.
- 6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,  
What a dear Sav'our I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, *Behold the way to G O D.*

## H Y M N LXXV.

The Love of God shed abroad in the  
Heart.

**C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be express'd.

- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the heighth, and breadth and length,  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done  
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

G

H Y M N



## H Y M N LXXVI.

Godly Sorrow, arising from the Sufferings of CHRIST.

**A**LAS! and did my Sav'our bleed,  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,  
And bath'd in its own blood,  
While all expos'd to wrath divine  
The glor'ous sufferer stood!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When GGD the Mighty Maker dy'd  
For man the creature's sin!
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
Whilst his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

## H Y M N LXXVII.

Salvation in the Cross.

**H**ERE at thy Cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and light'ning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;  
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)  
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade;  
Thy veng'ance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim;  
Hosannah to my dying God,  
And my best honours to his name.

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

Repentance flowing from the Patience  
of God.

- A**ND are we wretches yet alive?  
And do we yet rebel?  
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,  
That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
Would sink us down to flames,  
And threatening veng'ance rolls above  
To crush our feeble frames.
  - 3 Almighty Goodness cries, Forbear,  
And strait the thunder stays:  
And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
And weary out his grace?
  - 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love;  
Too long indulg'd our sin;  
Our wounded hearts ev'n bleed to see  
What rebels we have been.

- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,  
 No more will we obey;  
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,  
 And drive thy foes away.

## HYMN LXXIX.

## Repentance at the Cross.

- O** If my soul was form'd for woe,  
 How should I vent my sighs!  
 Sorrows might then like rivers flow  
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 But for my sins my dearest Lord  
 Hung on th' accursed tree,  
 And groan'd away a dying life  
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O may I hate those lusts of mine  
 That crucify'd my God,  
 Those sins that pierc'd, and nail'd his flesh  
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
 Thy grace has so decreed,  
 Make me to hate the guilty things  
 That made my Sav'our bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart,  
 My murther'd Lord I view,  
 I'd raise revenge against my sins,  
 And slay the murth'ers too.

## HYMN LXXX.

Look on Him whom they pierc'd and  
 mourn.

**I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
 Behold my bleeding Lord!  
 Hell, and the Jews, conspire his death,  
 And use the Roman sword.

2 Oh



- 2 Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
In vain do I accuse;  
In vain I blame the Roman bands,  
And the more spiteful Jews:
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormenters were;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the veng'ance down,  
Upon his guiltless head:  
Break, break, my heart! O burst, mine eyes!  
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown mine eyes  
In undissembled woe.

## H Y M N LXXXI.

## CHRIST'S Commission.

COME, happy souls, approach your God,  
With new melodious songs;  
Come, render to Almighty Grace  
The tribute of your tongues.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pity'd dying men,  
The Father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform  
The veng'ance of a God.

- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry;  
Trust in the mighty Sav'our's name,  
And you shall never die.
- 6 Make, dearest Lord, our waiting souls  
Accept thine offer'd grace,  
Yield to the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

## H Y M N LXXXII.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- N**OW to the Lord, a noble song;  
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,  
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim!
- 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Hath all his mightiest works out-done.
- 3 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,  
Exult, my soul, at Jesu's name!  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!
- 4 O that we all may reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face!  
Admire his beauties we behold!  
And sing his name to harps of gold!

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Our Comfort is in the Covenant made  
with CHRIST.

**O**UR God, how firm his promise stands!  
Ev'n when he hides his face!  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
His glory, and his grace!

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since Christ and thou art one?  
Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,  
And part of heav'n possess;  
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Seeking after CHRIST.

**I** Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To know the myst'ry of thy blood:  
O teach me farther, teach me how  
To thee alone my soul may bow.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee;  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
Thy pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live!

4 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
That thou should'st us to glory bring:  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
And deck them with a weighty crown!

5 Ah,



- 5 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought.  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought:  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First-born of many brethren thou,  
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow;  
To thee our hearts and hands we'd give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

## H Y M N LXXXV.

## A P R A Y E R.

- B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go;  
Learn me what thou wou'd'st have me do;  
Suggest whate'er I think or say;  
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride;  
Lest I in my own strength confide;  
Shew me my weakness, let me see  
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.
- 3 Enrich me alway with thy love;  
My kind protector ever prove;  
Thy signet put upon my breast,  
And let thy spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist, and teach me how to pray;  
Incline my nature to obey;  
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,  
And only love what pleases thee.
- 5 O may I never do my will,  
But thine, and only thine fulfil;  
Let all my time, and all my ways,  
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

P S A L M xciii.

**Y**E servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim;  
And publish abroad

His wonderful name:  
The name all-victorious  
Of JESUS extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh,  
His presence we have:  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To JESUS our King.

3 Salvation to God,  
Who sits on the throne;  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son:  
Our JESUS's praises  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,  
And give him his right;  
All glory and pow'r,  
And wisdom and might:  
All honour and blessing,  
With angels above;  
And thanks never-ceasing,  
And infinite love.

H Y M N

## H Y M N LXXXVII.

## Submission to Providence.

**N**AKED as from the earth I came,  
 And crept to life at first,  
 So to the earth we soon return,  
 And mingle with our dust.

- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
 And fondly call our own,  
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
 Or sinks them in the grave;  
 He gives, and, blessed be his name!  
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then;  
 Let each rebellious sigh,  
 Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
 And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread;  
 And we'll adore the justice too  
 That strikes our comforts dead.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

## Rejoicing in Hope.

**M**Y Saviour, my almighty friend,  
 When I begin to praise;  
 Where will the growing numbers end,  
 The numbers of thy grace?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
 Thy goodness I adore!  
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
 That I may love thee more.



- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the Celestial road;  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see the LORD my GOD.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King!  
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 5 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour, and my GOD;  
His death hath brought my foes to shame,  
And drowned them in his blood.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

## True Faith.

- O** Love, thou bottomless abyfs!  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
From condemnation I am free;  
Whilst JESU'S blood thro' earth and skies,  
Mercy, free boundless mercy! cries.
- 2 With faith I plunge me in that sea;  
Here is my hope, my joy my rest;  
Hither, when hell assaults, I flee:  
I look into my Saviour's breast.  
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,  
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 3 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Tho' strength, and health and friends be gone;  
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,  
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:

4 Stedfast

Stedfast on this my soul relies,  
 Father, thy mercy never dies !

- 4 Fixt on this ground wou'd I remain,  
 Tho', my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away :  
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

## H Y M N XC.

For the Spirit of Adoption.

- 1 **F**ATHER, (if thou my Father art)  
 Send forth the Spirit of thy Son ;  
 Breathe him into my panting heart,  
 And make me know as I am known ;  
 Make me thy conscious child, that I  
 May Father, *Abba*, Father, cry !
- 2 O that the Comforter wou'd come,  
 Nor visit as a transient guest :  
 But fix in me his constant home,  
 And keep possession of my breast,  
 And make my soul his lov'd abode,  
 The temple of th' in-dwelling God !
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,  
 Attest that I am born again ;  
 Come and baptize me, LORD, with fire,  
 Nor let thy former gifts be vain :  
 O grant the sense of sin forgiv'n,  
 O grant the earnest of my heav'n.
- 4 O give th' indisputable seal,  
 That ascertains the kingdom mine !  
 That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,  
 The signature of love divine :  
 O shed it in my heart abroad,  
 Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God !

## H Y M N XCI.

## A Prayer for GRACE.

**A**H, Lord! how faithless is my heart,  
 How very apt from thee to stray!  
 Just like a broken bow I start,  
 And nature strives to bear the sway:  
 Was ever one so vile, so blest!  
 So foul, yet by the Lamb caress'd!

- 2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,  
 And bind my passions to thy cross;  
 Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,  
 And bid me count my gain but loss:  
 Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,  
 And 'stablish in my heart thy throne.
- 3 O let thy grace wipe off my tears,  
 And speak the tempest to a calm:  
 O warm my heart, and charm my fears,  
 Be thou a never-failing balm;  
 The maladies of sin remove,  
 And fill my soul with heav'nly love.
- 4 Henceforth I'd serve thee, if thou'lt please  
 To gird me with an heav'nly pow'r;  
 I'd sing the glories of thy grace  
 'Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:  
 With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,  
 And love shall be my endless song.

## H Y M N XCII.

PHIL. iii. 7—9.

**N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
 Of all the duties I have done;  
 I quit the hopes I held before,  
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

H

Now



- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss :  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, Lord, I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for JESU's sake ;  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

## H Y M N XCIII.

## PSALM C.

- B**Efore JEHOVAH's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men !  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
  - 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
  - 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## H Y M N XCIV.

## REDEEMING LOVE.

**C**OME, heavenly love, inspire my song  
With thy immortal flame;  
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,  
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
And doom'd to endless woe.

4 God's only Son, (stupendous grace!)  
Forsook his throne above;  
And swift to save our wretched race,  
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty former of the skies  
Stoop'd to our vile abode;  
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,  
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store:  
Dear Saviour let me call thee mine,  
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall;  
My LORD, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

## H Y M N XCV.

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,  
 It has no charms for me;  
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
 But grace has set me free,
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
 No more content afford;  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 Now I have known the LORD.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day,  
 The stars are all conceal'd;  
 So earthly pleasures fade away,  
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
 I bid them all depart;  
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,  
 And wholly live to thee;  
 But may I hope that thou wilt own  
 A worthless worm like me!
- 6 Yes, tho' of sinners I'm the worst,  
 I cannot doubt thy will;  
 For if thou had'st not lov'd me first,  
 I had refus'd thee still.

## H Y M N XCVI.

## CHRISTIAN LOVE.

**L**ET party names no more  
 The christian world o'erspread;  
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in CHRIST their head.

Among



- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will  
Be banish'd far away ;  
Those shou'd in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And ev'ry heart is love.

## H Y M N XCVII.

## T H E S A M E.

- J**ESU, LORD, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree ;  
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid all jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love  
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come, and spread thy banner here.
  - 3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful and kind,  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
Altogether like our LORD.
  - 4 Let us each for other care,  
Each another's burden bear ;  
To thy church the pattern give,  
Shew how true believer's live.
  - 5 Let us then with joy remove  
To thy family above.  
On the wings of angels fly,  
Shew how true believers die.

## HYMN XCVIII.

## The Goodness of God.

**S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly King!  
 Let age to age thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies;  
 Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,  
 And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
 On thee for daily food;  
 Thy lib'ral hand provides them mear,  
 And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, LORD!  
 How slow thine anger moves!  
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
 To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race,  
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:  
 May we, who taste thy richer grace,  
 Delight to bless thy name.

## HYMN XCIX.

## The Good Fight.

**O**Mnipotent Lord,  
 My Sav'our and King,  
 Thy succour afford,  
 Thy right'ousness bring;  
 Thy promises bind thee  
 Compassion to have,  
 Now, now let me find thee  
 Almighty to save.

Rejoicing

- 2 Rejoicing in hope,  
And patient in grief,  
To thee I look up  
For certain relief;  
I fear no denial,  
No danger I fear,  
Nor start from the tryal  
While Jesus is near.
- 3 I every hour  
In jeopardy stand,  
But thou art my pow'r,  
And holdest my hand;  
Whilst yet I am calling,  
Thy succour I feel,  
It saves me from falling,  
Or plucks me from hell.
- 4 For God is above  
Men, devils, and sin;  
And Jesus's love  
The battle shall win:  
So terribly glorious  
His coming shall be,  
His love all victor'ous  
Shall conquer for me.
- 5 He all shall break thro',  
His truth and his grace  
Shall bring me into  
The plentiful place;  
Thro' much tribulation,  
Thro' water and fire,  
Thro' floods of temptation,  
And flames of desire.
- 6 On Jesus's power  
'Till then I rely,  
All evil before  
His presence shall fly;



'Tis thro' my dear Sav'our  
My fear shall depart,  
And Jesus for ever  
Shall reign in my heart.

## H Y M N C.

## A Prayer for FAITH.

**F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know :  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah ! whither shall I go !

2 What did thy only Son endure  
Before I drew my breath !  
What pain, what labour to secure  
My soul from endless death !

3 O JESU, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy pow'r ;  
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,  
Nor let we wait one hour.

4 Author of Faith, to thee I lift  
My weary longing eyes ;  
O let me now receive that gift !  
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou can'st not let me die !  
O speak, and I shall live !  
O may I thus unwearied lie  
'Till thou thy spirit give !

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,  
Could they but see thy face :  
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

## H Y M N C I.

## Faith in CHRIST.

**H**OW sad our state by nature is !  
 Our sin how deep it stains !  
 And satan binds our captive souls  
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
 Sounds from the sacred word :  
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
 And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
 And runs to this relief ;  
 I would believe thy promise, Lord !  
 Oh help my unbelief !

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
 Incarnate God, I fly ;  
 Here let me wash my spotted soul  
 From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thy arm, victor'ous King,  
 My reigning sins subdue :  
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
 With his infernal crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
 Into thy arms I fall ;  
 Be thou my strength and right'ousness,  
 My Jesus, and my all.

## H Y M N C II.

## INCONSTANCY.

**L**ORD JESU, when, when shall it be,  
 That I no more shall break with thee !  
 When will this war of passions cease,  
 And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?

Here

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again ;  
 Now I revive, and now am slain ;  
 Slain with the same unhappy dart,  
 Which, Oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be  
 A garden seal'd to all but thee ?  
 No more expos'd, no more undone,  
 But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,  
 And draw me on with thy sweet force :  
 Still make me walk, still make me tend.  
 By thee my way, to thee my end.

## H Y M N CIII.

## Excellency of CHRIST.

**N**ATURE with open volume stands,  
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;  
 And ev'ry labour of his hands  
 Shews something worthy of our God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,  
 His brightest form of glory shines ;  
 Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn  
 In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 Here his whole name appears compleat,  
 Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,  
 Which of the letters best is writ,  
 The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,  
 Where love and veng'ance strangely join :  
 Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
 To make the purchas'd blessings mine.
- 5 O the sweet wonders of that cross,  
 Where God the Sav'our lov'd and dy'd !  
 Her noblest life my spirit draws  
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would



- 6 I would for ever speak his name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown :  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his heav'nly throne.

## H Y M N CIV.

## Description of CHRIST.

- C**OME, worship at Emanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet !  
Words are too feeble to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 Is he our head ? each member lives,  
And owns the vital pow'r he gives :  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Join'd by his spirit, and his love.
- 3 Is he a vine ? his heav'nly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul, the branch, to Christ, the vine !
- 4 Is he a rock ? how firm he proves !  
The rock of ages never moves ;  
But the sweet streams that from him flow,  
Attend us all the desert thro'.
- 5 Is he a sun ? his beams are grace,  
The course he runs is joy and peace ;  
What healing in his wings appears  
To chase our clouds, and dry our tears !
- 6 Nor earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears :  
His beauties we can never trace,  
'Till we behold him face to face.

## H Y M N CV.

Breathing after CHRIST.

**F**AR from my thoughts, vain world be gone,  
 Let my religious hours alone :  
 Fain would I now my Sav'our see,  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
 And kindles with a pure desire ;  
 Come, sweet Redeemer, from above,  
 And feast my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand,  
 In verdant rows at thy right-hand,  
 And in sweet murmurs by thy side,  
 Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
 And spread the table of thy grace :  
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 5 Blest JESU, what delicious fare !  
 How rich thy entertainments are !  
 Never did angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine !  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
 That eyes have seen, or angels known !

## H Y M N CVI.

The Church a Garden.

**Z**ION's a garden wall'd around,  
 Chosen and made peculiar ground,  
 A little spot inclos'd by grace  
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like

- 2 Like spicy trees believers stand,  
Planted by an Almighty hand,  
And all the springs in Zion flow  
To make the rich plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume,  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,  
A grateful incense to our God;  
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 The King into his garden comes,  
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes;  
And calls us to a feast divine,  
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 6 ' Eat of the tree of life, my friends,  
' The treasure which my Father sends;  
' Your taste shall all my dainties prove,  
' And drink abundance of my love.'
- 7 Jesus, we will attend thy board,  
And sing the bounties of our Lord;  
But the rich food on which we live,  
Demands more praise than tongue can give.

## H Y M N CVII.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness,  
Sanctification, and Redemption.

**B**URIED in shadows of the night  
We lie, 'till Christ restores the light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.

I

Our



- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
'Till the atoning blood appears ;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing, the Lord our Right'ousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and right'ousness ;  
Thou art our mighty all, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

## H Y M N CVIII.

Heaven begun on Earth.

- C**OME ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God ;  
But servants of the heav'nly King,  
May speak their joys abroad.
  - 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas :
  - 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our father, and our love :  
Thou wilt send down thy heav'nly pow'rs,  
To carry us above.
  - 5 There we shall see thy face,  
And never, never sin :  
There from the rivers of thy grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yea,

- 6 Yea, and before we rise  
 To that immortal state,  
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
 Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found,  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
 And ev'ry tear be dry;  
 We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

## H Y M N CIX.

## Justifying Righteousness.

- L**ONG did my soul in Jesu's form  
 No comeliness or beauty see;  
 His sacred name, by others priz'd,  
 Was tasteless still, and dead to me.
- 2 Men call'd me Christian, and my heart  
 On this delusion fondly stay'd;  
 Moral my hope, my saviour self,  
 Till mighty grace the cheat display'd.
- 3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,  
 That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor;  
 That sweetly led me to the Rock,  
 Where all Salvation stands secure.
- 4 Glad I forsook my right'ous pride,  
 My tarnish'd, filthy, sinful dress;  
 Exchang'd my loss away for Christ,  
 And find a robe of right'ousness.
- 5 The pure immortal realms above  
 Alone admit the spotless claim;  
 Thankful my soul accepts the gift,  
 And loves my benefactor's name.

- 6 O haste, Redeemer, bring the end,  
 Let not thy chariot-wheels delay!  
 Remove me from inferior joys,  
 And heav'n-ward kiss my soul away.

## H Y M N CX.

It is finished.

- 'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,  
 And meekly bow'd his dying head,  
 Whilst we this sentence scan;  
 Come, sinners, and observe the word,  
 Behold the conquest of our Lord  
 Compleat for helpless man.
- 2 Finish'd the right'ousness of grace,  
 Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace,  
 Their mighty debt is paid:  
 Accusing law, cancel'd by blood,  
 And wrath of an offended God,  
 In sweet oblivion laid.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim?  
 The law no longer can condemn,  
 Faith a release can show:  
 Justice itself a friend appears,  
 The prison-house a whisper hears,  
 Loose him, and let him go.
- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar,  
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,  
 Why dost thou yet reply?  
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,  
 'Tis finish'd—still shall answer all.  
 And silence ev'ry cry.
- 5 Behold, my soul, thy Saviour's talk  
 Is finish'd just as thou would'st ask,  
 His merit now embrace;

'Tis



'Tis justice due to Jesu's name,  
To ground on him a fearless claim,  
And triumph thro' his grace.

- 6 His toil divinely finish'd stands,  
But ah, the praise his work demands  
Careful let me attend:  
Conclusion to my soul be this,  
Because salvation finish'd is  
My thanks shall never end.

## H Y M N CXI.

### The Pilgrim's Song.

**R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
T'wards heav'n, thy native place;  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source;  
So the soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,  
Whilst I that coast explore;  
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,  
Solicit me no more.  
Pilgrims fix not here their home;  
Strangers tarry but a night,  
When the last dear morn is come,  
They'll rise to joyful light.

- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Sav'our will return  
 Triumphant in the skies.  
 Yet a season and you know  
 Happy ent'rance will be giv'n,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

## H Y M N CXII.

## Divine Love.

- B**E gone, vain world, my heart resign,  
 For I can be no longer thine;  
 A nobler, a diviner guest,  
 Requires possession of my breast.
- 2 My Sav'our's title is to all,  
 But ah! the room is still too small;  
 In vain you tempt my heart to rove,  
 A fairer object claims my love.
- 3 At last (alas, how late!) I've seen  
 One lovelier than the sons of men;  
 'The chiefest of ten thousand he,  
 Proportion all, and majesty.
- 4 All earthly beauties are but rays,  
 Which his bright form more full displays;  
 All beside him must disappear,  
 He only good, he only fair.
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul aspires,  
 With holy breathings, warm desires:  
 To thee my panting heart would move,  
 O make it undivided love!
- 6 How do thy grac'ous streams of light  
 Ev'n through this veil refresh my sight!  
 When shall my prison'd soul be free,  
 To find my all, my heav'n in thee!

## H Y M N CXIII.

GOD our Light in Darkneſs.

**M**Y GOD, the ſpring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brighteſt days,  
 And comfort of my nights :

- 2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun :  
 Thou art my ſoul's bright morning ſtar,  
 And thou my riſing ſun.
- 3 The opening heav'ns around me ſhine  
 With beams of ſacred bliſs,  
 If Jeſus ſhews his mercy mine,  
 And whiſpers, "*I am his.*"
- 4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word :  
 Run up with joy the ſhining way,  
 To ſee and praiſe my Lord.
- 5 Fearleſs of hell, and ghawe death,  
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith  
 Would bear me conqu'ror thro'.

## H Y M N CXIV.

THE BEGGAR.

**E**NCOURA'GD by thy word  
 Of promiſe to the poor,  
 Behold a beggar, LORD,  
 Waits at thy mercy's door !

No hand, no heart, O LORD, but thine,  
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

- 2 The beggars uſual plea  
 Relief from men to gain,  
 If offer'd unto thee,  
 I know thou would'ſt diſdain :  
 And thoſe which move thy gracious ear,  
 Are ſuch as men wou'd ſcorn to hear.



- 3 I have no right to say,  
That tho' I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day  
When I possessed more.  
Thou know'st that from my very birth,  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess,  
As beggars often do,  
Tho' great is my distress,  
My faults have been but few.  
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,  
It wou'd be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend  
I never begg'd before;  
Or, if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more.  
Thou often has reliev'd my pain,  
And often I must come again.
- 6 Tho' crumbs are much too good  
For such a dog as I,  
No less than children's food  
My soul can satisfy.  
O! do not frown and bid me go,  
I must have ALL thou can'st bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,  
Thy bounty to conceal  
From others who, like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel.  
I'll tell them of thy mercies store,  
And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise,  
Our thoughts, and ways transcend,  
Far as the arched skies  
Above the earth extend.  
Such pleas as mine men wou'd not bear,  
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

## HYMN CXV.

## The Triumph of Faith.

**H** EAD of the church triumphant !  
We joyfully adore thee ;

'Till thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation,

And cry aloud  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing thro' the fire,  
Thy love we praise,  
Which knows our days,  
And ever brings us nigher.  
We clap our hands exulting.  
In thine almighty favour,  
The love divine,  
Which made us thine  
Shall keep us thine for ever.

- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Thro' torrents of temptation ;  
Nor will we fear,  
Whilst thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation.  
The world with sin and satan  
In vain our march opposes ;  
By thee we shall  
Break thro' them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

By

- 4 By faith we see thy glory  
 To which thou wilt restore us,  
 The cross despise  
 For that high-prize  
 Which thou hast set before us.  
 And if thou count us worthy,  
 We each as dying Stephen,  
 Shall see thee stand  
 At God's right-hand  
 To take us up to heaven.

## H Y M N CXVI.

## View of the Cross.

- W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,  
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I'd sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small:  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.



## H Y M N CXVII.

Doubts scattered.

**H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,  
 And leave me to my joys;  
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,  
 And make a joyful noise.

1 Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,  
 And drown'd my head in tears,  
 'Till ſov'reign grace, with ſhining rays,  
 Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O! what immortal joys I felt,  
 And raptures all divine,  
 When Jeſus told me, I was his,  
 And my beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,  
 And breaks my peace in vain;  
 One glimpeſe, dear Saviour, of thy face,  
 Revives my joys again.

## H Y M N CXVIII.

Deſiring to love.

**C**OME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,  
 In hope that I ſhall hear thy voice,  
 Shall one day ſee my God;  
 Shall ceaſe from all my ſin and ſtrife,  
 Handle and taſte the word of life,  
 And feel the ſprinkled blood.

2 I ſhall not always make my moan,  
 Or worſhip thee a God unknown;  
 But I ſhall live to prove  
 Thy peoples reſt, thy ſaints delight,  
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height  
 Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing

3 I have no right to say,  
That tho' I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day  
When I possessed more.  
Thou know'st that from my very birth,  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

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As beggars often do,  
Tho' great is my distress,  
My faults have been but few.  
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 Handle and taste the word of life,  
 And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 I shall not always make my moan,  
 Or worship thee a God unknown;  
 But I shall live to prove  
 Thy peoples rest, thy saints delight,  
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height  
 Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing

- 3 Rejoicing now, in earnest hope,  
 I stand, and from the mountain top  
 See all the land below :  
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of Paradise,  
 In endless plenty grow.
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
 With ev'ry blessing bless'd ;  
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
 And everlasting rest.
- 5 O that I might at once go up,  
 No more on this side Jordan stop,  
 But now the land possess ;  
 This moment end my legal years,  
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
 An howling wilderness.
- 6 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,  
 Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,  
 The carnal mind remove ;  
 The purchase of thy death divide,  
 And, O, with all the sanctify'd,  
 Give me a lot of love.

## HYMN CXIX.

## Privileges of GOD's Children.

- B**LESSED are the sons of God,  
 They are bought with Christ's own blood :  
 They are ransom'd from the grave,  
 Life eternal they shall have.
- 2 God did love them in his Son,  
 Long before the world begun ;  
 They the seal of this receive  
 When on Jesus they believe.

They



- 3 They are justify'd by grace,  
They enjoy a solid peace;  
All their sins are wash'd away,  
They shall stand in God's great day.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,  
In the works of righteousness;  
They are harmless, meek, and mild,  
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
- 5 They are lights upon the earth,  
Children of a heav'nly birth;  
Born of God, they hate all sin,  
God's pure seed remains within.
- 6 They have fellowship with God,  
Thro' the Mediator's blood;  
One with God, with Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun.
- 7 Tho' they suffer much on earth,  
Strangers quite to this world's mirth,  
Yet they have an inward joy,  
Pleasure which can never cloy.
- 8 They alone are truly blest,  
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;  
With them number'd may we be  
Here, and in eternity!

## H Y M N CXX.

## CHRIST'S Righteousness.

**J**ESU, thou art my right'ousness,  
For all my sins were thine:  
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,  
Thy life hath made him mine.

- 2 Spotless and just in THEE I am;  
I feel my sins forgiv'n:  
I taste salvation in thy name,  
And antedate my heaven.

K

For

- 3 For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side :  
This is my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Sav'our died.
- 4 My dying Sav'our, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own,  
Wash me, and mine thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 6 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
'Till faith to fight improve ;  
'Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul is love.

## H Y M N CXXI.

They crucified Him.

- O** Love divine, what hast thou done !  
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me :  
The Father's Co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree :  
Th' Immortal God for me hath dy'd ;  
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace !  
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like his !  
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd,  
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd !
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God :  
Believe, believe the record true,  
That we are bought with Jesu's blood ;

Pardon

Pardon and life flow from his side :  
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream ;  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him ;  
Of nothing speak or think beside :  
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd !

## H Y M N CXXII.

Pardon brought to our Senses.

**L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are !  
How heavenly is the place,  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace !

- 2 There the rich bounties of our God  
And sweetest glories shine ;  
There Jesus says, that I am his,  
And my Beloved's mine.
- 3 Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,  
And shews his wounded side)  
See here the spring of all your joys,  
That open'd when I died.
- 4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,  
And tells of all his pain ;  
All this, says he, I bore for thee,  
And then he smiles again.
- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King  
For grace so vast as this ?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 Let such amazing loves as these  
Be founded all abroad ;  
Such favours are beyond degrees,  
And worthy of a God.



- 7 To him that wash'd us in his blood  
 Be everlasting praise,  
 Salvation, honour, glory, power,  
 Eternal as his days.

## HYMN CXXIII.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling  
 in the Guests.

**H**OW sweet and awful is the place  
 With Christ within the doors,  
 While everlasting love displays  
 The choicest of her stores.

- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God  
 With soft compassion rolls :  
 Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,  
 Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
 Join to admire the feast,  
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,  
 Lord, why was I a guest?
- 4 Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
 And enter while there's room?  
 When thousands make a wretched choice,  
 And rather starve than come.
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
 That sweetly forc'd us in :  
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
 And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God,  
 Constrain the earth to come ;  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.

- 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.

## H Y M N CXXIV.

## The New Creation.

- A**TTEND, while God's Eternal Son,  
Doth in his glories shew:  
' Behold, I sit upon my throne,  
' Creating all things new.
- 2 ' Nature and sin are past away,  
' And the Old Adam dies;  
' My hands a new foundation lay:  
' See a new world arise!
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free  
From my old state of sin;  
O make my soul alive to thee,  
Create new pow'rs within!
- 4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears;  
And mould my heart afresh;  
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin, and earth, and hell,  
In the new world thy grace hath made  
May I for ever dwell!

## H Y M N CXXV.

## Invitation of Sinners to CHRIST.

**O** For a thousand tongues to sing  
My Great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim;  
To spread thro' all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ners free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks, and lift'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf, his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Sav'our come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## HYMN CXXVI.

## A Prayer to CHRIST.

- L**AMB of God, for sinners slain,  
To thee I feebly pray,  
Heal me of my grief and pain,  
O take my sins away;  
From this bondage, Lord, release,  
No longer let me be oppress'd:  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to thy breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all  
Who groan beneath their sin?  
Weary, I obey the call,  
And come to be made clean:

Give



Give my burthen'd conscience ease,  
 O grant me now the promis'd rest:  
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast.

- 3 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,  
 Who humbly comes to thee?  
 No, my God, I would not doubt,  
 Thy mercy is for me;  
 Let me then obtain the grace,  
 And be of Paradise possess:  
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast.

## H Y M N CXXVII.

## The Christian Race.

**A** WAKE, our souls (away our fears,  
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)  
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,  
 And put a chearful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
 But we forget the Mighty God,  
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

- 3 O, Mighty God, thy matchless pow'r  
 Is ever new, and ever young,  
 And firm endures, while endless years  
 Their everlasting circles run.

- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
 While such as trust their native strength,  
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road!

H Y M N

## HYMN CXXVIII.

## A Sinner's Prayer.

**G**OD of my salvation, hear,  
 And help me to believe:  
 Simply would I now draw near,  
 Thy blessings to receive:  
 Full of guilt, alas! I am,  
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,  
 To thee I lift mine eye,  
 Balm of all my grief and pain,  
 Thy blood is always nigh:  
 Now, as yesterday the same  
 Thou art, and will for ever be,  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
 Nor can thy grace procure,  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For I, thou know'st, am poor:  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin and misery:  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

## HYMN CXXIX.

Enter not into Judgment with thy Ser-  
 vant, O Lord.

**R**ight'ous art thou, O God, yet let me plead,  
 Permit the vilest of the fallen race,  
 To tell his sin, and bow his guilty head,  
 Before thy mercy-seat, thy throne of grace.



- 2 As numerous as the stars, or countless sands,  
My faults, backslidings, and transgressions are;  
Yet look upon my Sav'our's bleeding hands,  
My pardon, Lord, my pardon's written there.
- 3 Bring not in judgment me, nor call to mind,  
Nor in the ballances my doings weigh:  
But let me refuge in my Sav'our find,  
And hide me in him at the awful day!
- 4 I blush as I approach thee, and confess  
My wicked life, my shame, and nakedness:  
I know a poorer sinner than I am,  
Ne'er ask'd for mercy, or implor'd thy name.
- 5 Yet vile and filthy as I am I come,  
Thy gracious spirit saith, There still is room;  
Thro' all my guilt I make this pow'ful plea,  
Our Sav'our dy'd to ransom such as me.
- 6 This makes me hope, yet makes my shame in-  
crease, [this?  
How could I grieve such love, or friend like  
O'cover all my sin in thy long vest,  
I part confess, Lord, co all the rest.

## H Y M N CXXX.

## HUMILIATION.

- S**HEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;

Here



- Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
LORD, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, LORD,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Wou'd light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## H Y M N CXXXI.

THE SAME. PSALM li.

- O** Thou, that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie;  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;  
Thy saving grace, O LORD, restore;  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 3 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,  
Its help and comfort still afford;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy awful sentence just;  
Look down, O LORD, with pitying eye,  
And save a soul condemn'd to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

## HYMN CXXXII.

THE SAME

**L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy, and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 Great God! create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;  
O make me wise betimes, to 'spy  
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face,  
My only refuge is thy grace;  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No other thing can cleanse me so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;  
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice.

## HYMN CXXXIII.

THE SAME.

**L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes;  
Against thy laws, against thy grace,  
How high my crimes arise!



- 2 I from the stock of Adam came,  
Unholy and unclean;  
All my original is shame,  
And all my nature sin.
- 3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew  
Contagion with my breath;  
And as my days advanc'd, I grew  
A juster prey for death.
- 4 Cleanse me, O LORD, and chear my soul  
With thy forgiving love;  
O make my broken spirit whole,  
And bid my sins remove.
- 5 Let not thy spirit quite depart,  
Nor drive me from thy face;  
Create anew my vicious heart,  
And fill it with thy grace.
- 6 Then will I make thy mercy known  
Before the sons of men;  
Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
And turn to GOD again.

## HYMN CXXXIV.

## Under Temptation.

- J**ESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
'Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:



- All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise thee fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness!  
 Vile, and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make, and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity!

## H Y M N CXXXV.

## CHRIST our Righteousness.

- JESU, thy blood and righteousness,  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
 'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift upon my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
 To claim my mansion in the skies;  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 "Jesus hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;  
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
 Fully thro' these absolv'd I am  
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
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 To claim my mansion in the skies;  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 "JESUS hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;  
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
 Fully thro' these absolv'd I am  
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

I,

Thus

- 4 Thus ABRAHAM the Friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood;  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
JESUS the LORD our Righteousness.

## H Y M N CXXXVI.

## The Greatness and Goodness of God.

- J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty:  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;  
His justice guards his holy law;  
His love reveals his smiling face;  
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles satan's deep designs;  
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfill  
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will Jehovah condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend!  
Then let my songs with angels join;  
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.



## H Y M N CXXXVII.

TO JESUS CHRIST.

**O** Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,  
 Thou only holy, only just,  
 O! tune our souls to praise thy name,  
 Jesus! unchangeable, the same!

- 2 If angels, whilst to thee they sing,  
 Wrap up their faces in their wing,  
 How shall we, sinful dust, draw nigh  
 The great the awful Deity?
- 3 Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb!  
 Thou Holy Lord, thou Great I AM;  
 With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,  
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.
- 4 Live, ever glorious Jesus! live,  
 Worthy all blessings to receive!  
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit  
 With ev'ry power beneath thy feet.

## H Y M N CXXXVIII.

Redemption found.

**H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,  
 Who in thee begin to live,  
 Day and night they cry to thee,  
 As thou art, so let us be.

- 2 Fix, O fix, each wav'ring mind,  
 To thy cross our spirits bind;  
 Earthly passions far remove,  
 Swallow up our souls in love.
- 3 Dust and ashes tho' we be,  
 Full of guilt and misery;  
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,  
 Take the purchase of thy blood.

- 4 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine;  
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,  
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

## H Y M N CXXXIX.

Praise to God for Creation and Re-  
demption.

**L**ET them neglect thy glory, LORD,  
Who never knew thy grace;  
But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.

- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne;  
All glory to th' United THREE,  
The Undivided ONE.

- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)  
That form'd us by a word;  
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;  
Salvation to the LORD!

- 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound;  
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.

## H Y M N CXL.

Farewell to the World.

**W**ORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,  
Oft have thy deceitful charms  
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
Foolish hopes, and false alarms:  
Now I see as clear as day  
How thy follies pass away.

- 2 Vain thy entertaining fights,  
False thy promises renew'd,  
All the pomp of thy delights  
Does but flatter and delude :  
Thee I quit for heav'n above,  
Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Farewell honour's empty pride,  
Thy own nice uncertain gust,  
If the least mischance betide,  
Lays thee lower than the dust :  
Worldly honours end in gall,  
Rise to-day—to-morrow fall.
- 4 Foolish vanity—farewell—  
More inconstant than the wave,  
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,  
Purest tempers they deprave ;  
He, to whom I fly from thee,  
JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.
- 5 Let not, LORD, my wand'ring mind  
Follow after fleeting toys,  
Since in thee alone I find  
Solid and substantial joys :  
Joys that never over-past,  
Thro' eternity shall last.
- 6 LORD, how happy is the heart  
After thee while it aspires !  
True and faithful as thou art,  
Thou shalt answer its desires ;  
It shall see the glorious scene  
Of thine everlasting reign.

## H Y M N CXLI.

## Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

**M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?  
Awake my sluggish soul ;  
Nothing hath half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing half so dull.



- 2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain;  
See how they toil and strive!  
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain  
How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;  
We for whose guards the angel-bands  
Come flying from above:
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good;  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,  
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,  
With vig'rous souls to rise,  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
To fly and take the prize.

## H Y M N CXLII.

## Providence.

**W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Why is my barren heart not lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
Whilst in the silent womb I lay,  
Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd

- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When thro' the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way:  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise:  
But O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## H Y M N CXLIII.

### Unfruitfulness.

- L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord,  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
Yet hear almost in vain;  
How small a portion of thy grace,  
Can my hard heart retain?
  - 3 My gracious Sav'our, and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne?
  - 4 How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!

Great

- 5 Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart,  
 To give thy word success;  
 Write thy salvation on my heart,  
 And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way,  
 That leads to joys on high,  
 Where knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die.

## H Y M N CXLIV.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys;  
 Our souls how heavily they go,  
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live  
 At this poor dying rate?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N



## H Y M N CXLV.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

- A**LL glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know thy name,  
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,  
Jesu, to thee I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign  
To be renew'd by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face  
While thy dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 4 O may thy uncorrupted seed  
Be sown and rise within,  
And thy life-giving word forbid  
My new-born soul to sin.
- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne,  
Call me a child of thine;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,  
And make my comforts strong;  
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"  
With an unwav'ring tongue.

## H Y M N CXLVI.

The Witnessing Spirit.

**W**HY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
The tokens of thy grace!

Dost

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal the heirs of heav'n?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart.  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
May thy blest wings, Celestial Dove,  
Safely convey me home.

## H Y M N CXLVII.

## On the LORD'S-DAY.

**T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise  
In concert with the Blest,  
Who joyful in harmonious lays  
Employ an endless rest.

- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,  
We blest and pious grow;  
By hymns of praise we learn to be  
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd;  
By God, th' Eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought,  
With grief and pain extreme;  
'Twas great to speak the word from nought,  
'Twas greater to redeem.

## HYMN CXLVIII.

## Longing for CHRIST.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art,  
When shall I find my longing heart  
All taken up by thee?

O! make me pant and thirst to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In each poor stony heart!  
For love I'd sigh, for love I'd pine,  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.

3 O that we could for ever sit,  
With Mary at our Master's feet,  
Be this our happy choice!  
Our only care, delight and bliss,  
Our joy, our heav'n on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 Thy only love may we require,  
Nothing on earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in heav'n above;  
Let earth, and all its trifles go,  
Give us, O Lord, thy love to know,  
Give us thy precious love.

## HYMN CXLIX.

## CHRIST's Passion.

YE that pass by, behold the man!  
The man of griefs condemn'd for you!  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

See



- 2 See how his back the scourges tear,  
While to the bloody pillar bound !  
The ploughers make long furrows there,  
'Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,  
With nails they fasten to the wood  
His sacred limbs——expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his blood !
- 4 See there ! his temples crown'd with thorns !  
His bleeding hands extended wide !  
His streaming feet, transfixt and torn !  
The fountain gushing from his side !
- 5 Beneath my load he faints and dies :  
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown,  
I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,  
I kill'd the Father's only Son !
- 6 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,  
How doth thy heart to sinners move !  
To me apply thy precious blood,  
Grant me to taste thy dying love.
- 7 Give me to see thine agonies,  
One view of that sad sight afford ;  
That I with thee may sympathize,  
And know the suff'rings of my Lord.

## H Y M N C L.

## The Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

**C**OME all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring,  
'Tis Christ the Everlasting God,  
And Christ the Man we sing.

- 2 Tell how he took our flesh  
To take away our guilt,  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monster spilt.

Alas,

- 3 Alas, the cruel spear  
Went deep into his side,  
And the rich flood of purple gore  
Their murth'rous weapons dy'd.
- 4 The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er his bosom roll,  
And mountains of almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.
- 5 Down to the shades of death  
He bow'd his awful head ;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more ;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heav'ns adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits  
High on his Father's throne ;  
The Father lays his veng'ance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints and angels eyes  
To everlasting days.

## H Y M N CLI.

## Sufficiency of Pardon.

**W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colours wear ?  
What doubts are these that waste your faith,  
And nourish your despair ?

- 2 What tho' your numerous sins exceed  
The stars that fill the skies,  
And aiming at the eternal throne  
Like pointed mountains rise ?

M

3 What

- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond  
The wide creation swell,  
And has its curst foundations laid  
Low as the depth of hell.
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows  
Of never-failing grace,  
Behold a dying Saviour's veins  
The sacred flood increase:
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,  
Has neither shore nor bound:  
Now if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace  
That buries all our faults,  
And pard'ning blood that swells above  
Our follies and our thoughts.

## H Y M N CLII.

## CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.

- W**HAT equal honours shall we bring,  
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb,  
Since all the notes that angels sing,  
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,  
Worthy to rise, and live and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are is due,  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid  
Instead of scandal and of scorn,  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessings



- 5 Blessings for ever to the Lamb  
Who bore our sins, and curse and pain ;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And ev'ry creature say, Amen !

## H Y M N    CLIII.

## C H R I S T ' s    Resurrection.

- J**ESUS, who dy'd a world to save,  
Revives and rises from the grave,  
By his almighty pow'r :  
From sin and death, and hell set free,  
He captive leads captivity,  
And lives to die no more.
- 2 Children of God, look up and see,  
Your Sav'our cloth'd with majesty,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb :  
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,  
In heaven you mansions he prepares,  
And soon will take you home.
- 3 His church is still his joy, his crown ;  
He looks with love and pity down  
On her he did redeem :  
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,  
And prays that she may spoil her foes,  
And ever reign with him.
- 4 O ! may we all from sin awake,  
May all in heav'n our places take,  
Near our exalted head !  
May all our souls to heaven aspire,  
In thought, in will, in strong desire,  
To carnal pleasures dead !

## HYMN CLIV.

## ANOTHER.

**T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears  
 To set in blood no more !  
 Adore the scatterer of your fears,  
 Your rising son adore !

2 The Saints when he resign'd his breath,  
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;  
 He breaks again the bands of death,  
 Again the dead arise !

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,  
 Alone the wine-press trod ;  
 He dy'd and suffered as a man ;  
 He rises as a God !

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal  
 Forbid an early rise,  
 To him who breaks the gates of hell,  
 And opens paradise.

## HYMN CLV.

## CHRIST'S Ascension.

**H**AIL the day that sees him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !

Christ a-while to mortals giv'n,  
 Re-ascends his native heav'n :  
 There the pompous triumph waits,  
 ' Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
 ' Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
 ' Take the King of Glory in.'

2 See, he lifts his hands above ;  
 See, he shews the prints of love ;

4 Hark ! his gracious lips bestow  
 Blessing on his church below :

Still

Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his death he pleads;  
 Next himself prepares a place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

- 3 Master (may we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to-day;  
 See, thy faithful servants see,  
 Ever gazing up to thee!  
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upwards may we move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love;  
 Looking when the Lord shall come,  
 Longing, gazing after home!  
 There may we with thee remain,  
 Partners of thy endless reign;  
 There thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee!

## H Y M N CLVI.

### Infant Baptism.

**T**HUS did the sons of Abr'ham pass,  
 Under the bloody seal of grace;  
 The young disciples bore the yoke,  
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove  
 His Father's cov'nant and his love;  
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,  
 And not forbids their infant-race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,  
 Their children set apart for God;  
 His spirit on their offspring shed,  
 Like water pour'd upon the head.



- 4 Let ev'ry saint with chearful voice  
 In this large covenant rejoice ;  
 Young children in their early days,  
 Shall give the God of Abr'ham praise.

## H Y M N CLVII.

## Adult Baptism.

- D**ESCEND, Celestial Dove !  
 In every bosom dwell ;  
 Upon the present water move,  
 While we the influence feel.
- 2 Anoint with holy fire,  
 Baptise with purging flames  
 This soul, and with thy grace inspire,  
 In ceaseless living streams.
- 3 Thy heav'nly unction give,  
 Thy promise, Lord, fulfil,  
 Give pow'r thy spirit to receive,  
 And strength to do thy will.
- 4 Thy ord'nance we obey,  
 O meet us in the same ;  
 And with this water now convey  
 The virtues of thy name.
- 5 Witness to this thy sign,  
 And grant the inward grace ;  
 Let this thy servant seal'd for thine,  
 From hence depart in peace.

## H Y M N CLVIII.

This is the Victory that overcometh the  
 World, even our Faith.

**O** Tell me no more  
 Of this world's vain store ;  
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country

- 2 A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound;  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 3 No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength and comfort: Go after him,  
go!
- 4 Lo! onward I move,  
And but Christ above  
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will  
prove.
- 5 Great spoils I shall win  
From death, hell, and sin;  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within.
- 6 Perhaps for his name,  
Poor dust as I am,  
Some work I shall finish with glad loving aim.
- 7 I still (which is best)  
Shall in his dear breast,  
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.
- 8 And when I'm to die,  
'Receive me,' I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
- 9 But this I do find,  
We two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

## H Y M N CLIX.

We seek a Better Country.

COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue;  
With vigour arise,  
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

Of

2 Of heavenly birth,  
 Though wand'ring on earth;  
 This is not our place,  
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 At Jesus's call  
 We gave up our all,  
 And still we forego  
 For Jesus's sake our enjoyment below.

4 No comfort we find  
 In the country behind,  
 But onward we move,  
 And still we are seeking a country above.

5 A country of joy,  
 Without any alloy,  
 We thither repair;  
 Our heart and our treasure already are there.

6 Let's march hand in hand,  
 To Immanuel's land,  
 No matter what cheer  
 We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

7 The rougher the way  
 The shorter our stay;  
 The troubles that come  
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

8 The fiercer the blast  
 The sooner 'tis past;  
 The tempests that rise  
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

## H Y M N CLX.

Solomon's Song, Chap. ii. verse 8, &c.

**T**HE voice of my beloved sounds  
 Over the rocks and rising grounds,  
 O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,  
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.

Now



- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see,  
With eyes of love he looks at me;  
Now in the gospel's clearest glafs,  
He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,  
Both with his beauties and his tongue;  
Rise, faith my Lord, and haste away,  
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,  
The mists are fled, the spring comes on;  
The sacred turtle-dove we hear  
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,  
Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit;  
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;  
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
- 6 And when I hear my Jesus say,  
"Rise up, my love, make haste away!"  
My heart would fain out-fly the wind,  
And leave all earthly loves behind.

## H Y M N CLXI.

Verse 14, &amp;c.

- D**EAR Lord, my thankful heart receives  
The hope thine invitation gives:  
To thee my joyful lips shall raise  
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.
- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:  
Nor let a motion, or a word,  
Or thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
  - 3 'Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,  
'Till the sweet dawning-light I see,  
Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,  
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

Be

- 4 Be like a hart on mountains green ;  
 Leap o'er these hills of fear and sin ;  
 Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide  
 My love, my Sav'our, from my side.

## H Y M N CLXII.

Chap. iii. Ver. 2, &c.

- J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
 Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,  
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :  
 Like the blest hour when from above  
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
 O may it ever, ever stay !  
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
 Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,  
 Increase thy praise, increase our joys,  
 'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name  
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

## H Y M N CLXIII.

Chap. iv. Verse 1, &c.

- K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,  
 Affection sounds in ev'ry word ;  
 " Thou art my chosen one, he cries,  
 " Bound to my heart by various ties.
- 2 " Sweet is thy voice, my spouse, to me ;  
 " I will behold no spot in thee."  
 What mighty wonders love performs,  
 That puts a comeliness on worms !

Defil'd

- 3 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,  
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair;  
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,  
Thy graces, and thy righteousness.
- 4 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,  
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,  
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay  
From thee: Come, Saviour, come away.
- 5 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
'Till death shall make my last remove  
To dwell for ever with my love.

H Y M N CLXIV.

Behold he cometh, and every Eye shall  
see him; and they also which pierced him.—  
Even so. Amen. Rev. i. 7.

**L**O! he cometh, countless trumpets  
Blow before the bloody sign,  
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels  
See the Glorified shine,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.

- 2 Now his merit by the harpers  
Thro' the eternal deep resounds,  
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,  
Ev'ry eye shal see his wounds.  
They who pierc'd him, They, &c. They, &c.  
They, &c.  
Shall at his appearance wail.

- 3 Every island, sea and mountain  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him must ashamed  
Hear the trump proclaim the day.

Come



Come to judgment, Come, &c. Come, &c.  
Stand before the Son of Man.

- 4 Now who love him view his glory,  
Shining in his bruised face;  
His dear person on the rainbow,  
Now his peoples head shall raise.  
Happy mourners, Happy, &c. Happy, &c.  
Lo! on clouds he comes, he comes.
- 5 Now redemption long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear;  
All his people, once despised,  
Now shall meet him in the air.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.
- 6 View him smiling, now determined  
Every evil to destroy;  
All the nations now shall sing him  
Songs of everlasting joy.  
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come  
quickly,  
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

## H Y M N CLXV.

Breathing after heavenly Things.

**T**O thee, my God, I hourly sigh,  
But not for golden stores;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems,  
On the rich eastern shores.

- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy,  
Men call a mighty Name;  
Nor greatness in its gayest forms,  
My restless thoughts inflame.

Nor

- 3 Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms,  
My fond desires allure ;  
Far greater things than earth can yield,  
My wishes wou'd secure.
- 4 Those blissful, those transporting smiles,  
That brighten heaven above ;  
The boundless riches of thy grace,  
And treasures of thy love.
- 5 These are the mighty things I crave :  
O ! make these blessings mine ;  
And all the glories of the world  
I gladly will resign.

## H Y M N CLXVI.

**C**OME descend, O Heavenly Spirit,  
Fan each spark into a flame ;  
Blessings let us now inherit,  
Blessings that we cannot name :  
Whilst Hosannas we are singing,  
May our hearts in rapture move,  
Feel new grace in them still springing,  
Breathe the air of purest love.

- 2 Let us sail in Grace's ocean,  
Float on that unbounded sea,  
Guided into pure devotion,  
Kept from paths of error free :  
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,  
Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe ;  
Love, O Love, for sinners bleeding,  
All for thee we wou'd forego.
- 3 Keep us, LORD, still in communion,  
Daily nearer drawn to thee ;  
Sinking in the sweetest union  
Of that heart-felt mystery :

N

Keep

Keep us safe from each delusion,  
 Well protected from all harms;  
 Free from sin, and all confusion,  
 Circle us within thine arms.

## H Y M N CLXVII.

## The Stony Heart.

- O**! For a glance of heav'nly day,  
 To take this stubborn stone away;  
 And thaw with beams of love divine  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rent; the earth can quake;  
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake;  
 Of feeling all things shew some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
 Dear LORD, an adamant would melt:  
 But I can read each moving line,  
 And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, unmov'd I hear,  
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear:  
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,  
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,  
 And that dear something much I need:  
 O! may thy Spirit now refine  
 From dross, and melt this heart of mine.

## H Y M N CLXVIII.

## CONFIDENCE.

**W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,  
 I'll praise my Maker in my song:  
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
 Approve the song, and join the praise.



- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;  
Not all thy works, and names below,  
So much thy pow'r and glory shew.
- 3 To God I cry'd when trouble rose,  
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;  
He did my rising fears controul,  
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand  
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will compleat what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows, or from sins;  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

## H Y M N CLXIX.

## A Divine Rapture.

- F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself out-brave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
  - 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,  
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,  
I'll spend a long eternity,  
In pleasure and in praise.
  - 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.

- 5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine  
 Shall fresh endearments bring,  
 And thousand tastes of new delight,  
 From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
 Up to thy blest'd abode;  
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
 My Saviour, and my God.

## H Y M N CLXX.

GOD our only Happiness.

- M**Y GOD, my Portion, and my Love,  
 My Everlasting All;  
 I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
 Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,  
 And this inferior clod!  
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
 There's nothing like my GOD.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
 Scatters his feeble light;  
 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;  
 If thou withdraw 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
 Amidst the shades I roll;  
 If my Redeemer shews his head,  
 'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
 And health, and safe abode;  
 We praise thy name for all these things,  
 But they are not my GOD.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
 If once compar'd to thee?  
 And what's my safety, or my health,  
 Or all my friends to me?

Were

- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
 And call'd the stars my own;  
 Without my Jesus, and thyself,  
 I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
 And grasp in all the shore;  
 Grant me the visits of thy face,  
 And I desire no more.

## H Y M N CLXXI.

Hebrews vi. 17—19.

- H**OW oft have sin and satan strove  
 To rend my soul from thee, my God?  
 But everlasting is thy love,  
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;  
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 3 The Gospel bears my spirits up;  
 A faithful and unchanging God,  
 Lays the foundation for my hope,  
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

## H Y M N CLXXII.

John xiii. 1.

- T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend;  
 Whose love is as great as his pow'r,  
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the FIRST and the LAST,  
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.



## HYMN CLXXIII.

God glorious and Sinners saved.

**F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand thro' the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,  
Their motions speak thy skill;  
And on the wings of ev'ry hour  
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy great design,  
To save rebellious worms;  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms.

4 Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess,  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heav'nly plains,  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song;  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

## HYMN CLXXIV.

Preserving Grace.

**T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis

- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His council and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd, and compleat,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our redeeming God  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

## H Y M N CLXXV.

## God's Omniprescience.

- L**ORD, all I am is known to thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within,  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.

- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
 And like a bulwark prove,  
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

## H Y M N CLXXVI.

Sight of GOD and CHRIST in Heaven.

- D**Escend from heav'n, Immortal Dove,  
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
 And mount, and bear us far above  
 The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 O for a sight, a pleasing sight!  
 Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
 There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,  
 Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around him stand,  
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,  
 The GOD shines gracious thro' the Man,  
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
 That we shall mount to dwell above,  
 And stand and bow amongst them there,  
 And view thy face, and sing thy love.

## H Y M N CLXXVII.

Looking to JESUS.

**H**OW glorious the Lamb  
 Is seen on the throne!  
 His labours are o'er,  
 His conquests are won.  
 A kingdom is given  
 Into the Lamb's hand,  
 In earth and in heaven,  
 For ever to stand.



Ye finners below  
 Then trust in the Lord,  
 Look up to his arm,  
 His honour, his word :  
 Athirst for his favour,  
 His Godhead adore,  
 Look up to your Saviour,  
 And joy evermore !

## H Y M N CLXXVIII.

The Word of God more precious thar.  
 Gold.

**P**RECIOUS Bible ! what a Treasure  
 Does the Word of God afford ?  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 FOOD and MED'CINE, SHIELD and SWORD.  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this I need no more.

- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Tho' it fills, it never cloy.  
 On a dying CHRIST I feed,  
 Here is meat and drink indeed.
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,  
 Healing MED'CINES here I find :  
 To the Promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation  
 Satan cannot make me yield ;  
 For the word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty SHIELD.  
 While the scripture-truths endure,  
 From his pow'r I am secure.

Vain

- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,  
 When I take the Spirit's sword,  
 Then with ease I drive him from me,  
 Satan trembles at the Word:  
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
 Keen the edge, and sharp the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
 Doating on his golden store?  
 Sure I am, or shou'd be wiser;  
 - I am rich, 'tis he is poor.  
 JESUS gives me in his word  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

## H Y M N CLXXIX.

At Dismission.

- D**ismiss us with thy blessing, LORD;  
 Help us to feed upon thy word;  
 All that has been amiss, forgive,  
 And let thy Truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;  
 Wash all our works in JESU's blood;  
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,  
 And bid us all—DEPART IN PEACE.

## H Y M N CLXXX.

Another.

- J**ESUS, knit all our hearts to thee;  
 And join us all in one;  
 In our assemblies, ev'ry where,  
 Be thou our aim alone.
- 2 Reign thou sole Monarch of our hearts;  
 And we, as finners, lie  
 Before the feet of thee, our LORD,  
 To all eternity.

## H Y M N CLXXXI.

ANOTHER.

**F**ATHER, before we hence depart  
 Send thy good spirit down;  
 Let him reside in ev'ry heart,  
 And bless the seed that's sown.

- 2 Thou Fountain of Eternal Love,  
 Who gav'st thy Son to die;  
 O let thy spirit from above,  
 Enlighten and apply.

## H Y M N CLXXXII.

ANOTHER.

**O**NCE more before we part  
 We'll bless the Saviour's name,  
 Record his mercies ev'ry heart,  
 Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,  
 And feed thereon and grow;  
 Go on to seek, to know the Lord,  
 And practice what you know.

## H Y M N CLXXXIII.

At the Sacrament.

**T**HIS day the LORD of hosts invites  
 Unto a costly feast;  
 I wou'd take care, and well prepare,  
 To be a welcome guest.

- 2 Awake, repentance, faith, and love;  
 Awake, O ev'ry grace;  
 To meet your LORD, with one accord,  
 In his most holy place.
- 3 Worldly distraction, stay behind,  
 Below the mount abide;  
 Cause no disturbance in my mind,  
 To make my Saviour chide.

O come,



- 4 O come, my LORD, the time draws nigh  
That I am to receive;  
Stand with my pardon sealed by,  
Persuade me to believe.
- 5 Let not my JESUS now be strange,  
Nor hide himself from me;  
But cause thy face to shine upon  
The soul that longs for thee.
- 6 Come, blessed Spirit, from above,  
My soul do thou inspire,  
T' approach the table of the LORD  
With fulness of desire.
- 7 O let our entertainment now  
Be so exceeding sweet,  
That we may long to come again,  
And at thine altar meet.

## H Y M N CLXXXIV.

## True Happiness.

- H**OW happy is the Christian's state!  
His sins are all forgiv'n;  
A cheering ray confirms the grace,  
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.
- 2 Tho' in the rugged path of life  
He heaves the pensive sigh;  
Yet, trusting in his GOD, he finds  
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,  
He feels the chast'ning rod;  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving GOD.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes  
To call his soul away;  
His soul, in raptures shall ascend  
To everlasting day.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

Human Weakness and CHRIST'S  
Strength.

**L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That CHRIST's own pow'r may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and CHRIST my song.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

Desiring CHRIST.

**C**OME, O thou Universal Good!  
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!  
The hungry, dying spirit's food;  
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;  
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,  
My everlasting rest from sin!

- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight!  
My strength, and health, and shield, and sun;  
My boast, my confidence, and might,  
My joy, my glory, and my crown;  
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,  
My tree of life, my paradise.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

Salvation.

**S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears!  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

O

Salvation!

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound!
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
 To thee the praise belongs:  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.

## H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

Every Creature at God's Command.

- E**LIJAH's example declares,  
 Whatever distress may betide,  
 The saints may commit all their cares  
 To him who will always provide.  
 When rain long withheld from the earth  
 Occasion'd a famine of bread,  
 The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,  
 By ravens was constantly fed.
- 2 More likely to rob than to feed,  
 Were ravens who live upon prey;  
 But where the Lord's people have need,  
 His goodness will find out a way.  
 This instance, to those may seem strange,  
 Who know not how faith can prevail;  
 But sooner all nature shall change,  
 Than one of God's promises fail.
- 3 Nor is it a singular case;  
 The wonder is often renew'd;  
 And many may say to God's praise,  
 By ravens he sendeth them food.  
 Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,  
 Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,  
 If God has a servant to feed,  
 Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus



- 4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,  
 That croaks in the ears of the saints,  
 O'er-rul'd by a power unseen,  
 Administers oft to their wants :  
 God teaches them how to find food  
 From all the temptations they feel :  
 This raven who thirsts for my blood,  
 Has help'd me to many a meal.
- 5 How safe and how happy are they  
 Who on the Good Shepherd rely !  
 He'll give them out strength for their day,  
 Their wants he will surely supply.  
 He ravens and lions can tame ;  
 All creatures obey his command :  
 Then let me rejoice in his name,  
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

## H Y M N CLXXXIX.

## Compleatness in CHRIST.

**H**AD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
 I'd cleave to JESUS crucify'd,  
 And build on him alone :  
 For no foundation is there giv'n  
 On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,  
 But CHRIST the corner-stone.

- 2 Possessing CHRIST, I all possess ;  
 Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,  
 And sanctity complete :  
 Bold in his name I dare draw nigh,  
 Before the Ruler of the Sky,  
 And all his justice meet.

## H Y M N CXC.

## The Paradox.

**H**OW strange is the course that a Christian  
must steer?

How perplext is the path he must tread?

The hope of his happiness rises from fear,

And his life he receives from the dead.

2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd;

And his best resolutions be crost;

Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,

'Till he find himself utterly lost.

3 When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd

Of the total remission of sins;

When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace is  
procur'd,

From that moment his conflict begins.

## H Y M N CXCI.

## To the HOLY GHOST.

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,  
Thine inward witness give,

And to my inmost soul reveal

The death by which I live.

2 Give me to understand that sound,

Which told his mortal pain,

Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,

And broke the rocks in twain.

3 Repeat my dying Saviour's cry

Unto my heart so loud,

That my whole soul may now reply,

"This was the SON of GOD."

## H Y M N CXCII.

Desiring Communion with God.

**M**Y rising soul with strong desires  
To perfect happiness aspires ;  
With steady steps wou'd tread the road  
That lead's to heav'n, that leads to God.

- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love  
From the pure fountain-head above ;  
My dearest Lord, I long to be  
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :  
Art thou withdrawn ? Again return ;  
Nor let me be the first to say,  
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

## H Y M N CXCI.

Law and Gospel.

**T**HE law commands and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe ;  
But 'tis the Gospel must reveal  
Where lies our strength to do his will.

- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shews how vile our hearts have been ;  
Only the Gospel can express  
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

## H Y M N CXCV.

The Saints Deliverance at Death.

Rev. xxi. 4.

**C**HRIST's own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From ev'ry weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself shall die.



How long, dear Saviour, O how long,  
 Shall this bright hour delay?  
 Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of Time,  
 And bring the welcome day.

## H Y M N CXCIV.

The Saint's Safety in God.

- H**E that has made his refuge God,  
 Shall find a most secure abode;  
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
 And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Thrice happy man, thy Maker's care  
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;  
 Satan the fowler, who betrays  
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

## H Y M N CXCVI.

Before Sermon.

- D**OES it not grief and wonder move  
 To think of Israel's dreadful fall,  
 Who needed miracles to prove  
 Whether the LORD were God, or Baal!
- 2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,  
 His features glow with love and zeal;  
 In faith and prayer he lifts his hand,  
 And makes to heav'n his great appeal.
- 3 "O God! if I thy servant am,  
 If 'tis thy message fills my heart;  
 Now glorify thy holy name:  
 And shew this people who thou art."
- 4 He spoke, and lo, a sudden flame  
 Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone:  
 The people struck, at once proclaim,  
 "The LORD is God, the LORD alone."

Like

- 5 Like him we mourn an awful day,  
When more for Baal than God appear ;  
Like him, believers, let us pray,  
And may the God of Israel hear.

## H Y M N CXCVII.

On taking a Member into Society.

**W**ELCOME, thou well-belov'd of God,  
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood ;  
Welcome with us thine hand to join,  
As partner of our lot divine :  
Blessings abundant from above,  
Give him, we pray, Thou God of Love.

- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace ;  
We're trav'ling to a blissful place,  
The New Jerusalem above,  
The radiant throne, the seat of love :  
The Holy Ghost that knows the way,  
Conduct thee on from day to day !
- 3 The staff of promise now receive,  
Thy weary footsteps to relieve,  
The chief support the traveller knows,  
Leaning on which, he forward goes :  
Thus if for rest thy spirits call,  
Leaning on this thou can't not fall.
- 4 With peace, with ceaseless peace be shod,  
The shoes of peace receive of God ;  
These keep from pain the pilgrim's feet,  
And make the rugged way seem sweet :  
So Sion's paths shall ever prove  
The paths of joy, and peace, and love.
- 5 Thus onward move with upright pace ;  
Stedfast pursue the gospel-race :

Fill'd

Fill'd with the pow'r of truth divine,  
 Prove all the strength of Jesus thine :  
 Commission'd angels soon shall come,  
 And waft thee to thy wish'd-for home.

## H Y M N CXCVIII.

## The Mysteries of Providence.

**L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways !  
 How blind are we, how mean our praise !  
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore ?  
 'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.

- 2 Thy deep decrees from creature-sight  
 Are hid in shades of awful night ;  
 Amid the lines with curious eye,  
 Not angel-minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God ! I wou'd not ask to see  
 What in futurity shall be ;  
 If light and blifs attend my days,  
 Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share ?  
 Then let me trust thy guardian care ;  
 Enough for me, if love divine  
 At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
 Be this my only wish below ;  
 " That CHRIST is mine ! "—this great request  
 Grant, bounteous God : and I am blest.

## H Y M N CXCIX.

## Weakness bewailed.

**W**HY is my heart so far from thee,  
 My God, my chief delight ?  
 Why are my thoughts no more by day  
 With thee, no more by night ?

Why



- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?  
Where can such sweetness be,  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews  
The favour of thy grace,  
My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish all my days.
- 4 But e'er one fleeting hour is past,  
The flatt'ring world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature or of art,  
With fair delusive charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust thee from my arms.
- 6 Then I repent and grieve my soul,  
That I shou'd leave thee so:  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
My God, my Saviour's breast.

## H Y M N CC.

## The Danger of Creature-Comforts.

**H**OW vain are all things here below!  
How false and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure has its poison too;  
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
When we possess delight.

Our

- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense?  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

## H Y M N CCI.

Trial~~s~~ overcome by Hope.

**W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies;  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And dry my weeping eyes.

- 3 Shou'd death against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd;  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Shou'd cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all.

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heav'nly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## H Y M N CCII.

The Path to Heaven through this  
World.

- L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply,  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy?
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow,  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,  
Lies thro' this horrid land:  
Lord, we would keep the heav'nly road,  
And run at thy command.
- 4 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still;  
Forget the trouble of the ways,  
And reach at Sion's hill.
- 5 See the kind angels at the gates,  
Inviting us to come;  
There JESUS the fore-runner waits  
To welcome trav'lers home.

## H Y M N CCIII.

Joy in the LORD.

- J**OY is a fruit that will not grow  
In Nature's barren soil;  
All we can boast 'till CHRIST we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But when the LORD has planted grace,  
And made his glories known,  
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace  
Are found, and there alone.

A bleed-



- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love;  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the vail,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeaking, divine.
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind;  
That make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;  
But if you are the LORD's,  
Resign to them who know him not  
Such joys as earth affords.

## H Y M N CCIV.

## Saturday Evening.

- S**AFELY thro' another week,  
God has brought us on our way,  
Let us now a blessing seek  
On th' approaching sabbath-day:  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiply'd each hour  
Thro' the week our praise demand;  
Guarded by almighty pow'r,  
Fed and guarded by his hand:  
Tho' ungrateful we have been,  
Only made returns of sin.
  - 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace  
In the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciled face,  
Shine away our sin and shame:

From

- From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
 May we feel thy presence near,  
 May thy glory meet our eyes,  
 When we in thy house appear;  
 There afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the Gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all our wants:  
 Thus let all our sabbaths prove,  
 'Till we join the church above.

## H Y M N CCV.

## The Barren Fig-Tree.

- T**HE Church a garden is  
 In which believers stand,  
 Like ornamental trees  
 Planted by God's own hand;  
 His spirit waters all their roots,  
 And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.
- 2 But other trees there are  
 In this inclosure grow,  
 Which tho' they promise fair,  
 Have only leaves to show;  
 No fruits of grace are on them found,  
 They are but cumb'ers of the ground.
- 3 The under-gard'ner grieves,  
 In vain his strength he spends,  
 For heaps of useless leaves  
 Afford him small amends:  
 He hears the LORD his will make known,  
 To cut the barren fig-tree down.

P

How

- 4 How difficult his post!  
 What pangs his bowels move!  
 To find his wishes crost,  
 His efforts useless prove:  
 His last relief is earnest pray'r,  
 Lord spare them yet another year.
- 5 Spare them, and let me try  
 What further means may do;  
 I'll fresh manure apply,  
 My digging I'll renew:  
 Who knows, but yet they fruit may yield.  
 If not—'tis just they must be fell'd.
- 6 If under means of grace  
 No fruits of grace appear,  
 It is a dreadful case,  
 Tho' God may long forbear;  
 At length he'll strike the threat'ned blow,  
 And lay the barren fig-tree low.

## H Y M N CCVI.

## At Meeting.

- B**LEST by Jesu's providence,  
 Lo! we meet again in peace:  
 May we, when we fly from hence,  
 Meet in a more glorious place!
- 2 When we once shall there arrive,  
 Ever happy we shall reign;  
 Ever with our Saviour live,  
 'Midst a host of perfect men.
- 3 There shall sorrow not intrude,  
 Grief shall never there appear:  
 Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood,  
 We shall stand, made free from fear.

Come,



- 4 Come, dear fellows, joyful come;  
Forward boldly let us press;  
Humbly let our souls presume,  
Trust in JESU'S righteousness.
- 5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,  
When the family compleat,  
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,  
In the house above shall meet.
- 6 Master, hasten on thy day!  
Glorious to thy judgment come;  
Call thy trav'ling saints away;  
LORD, we long to be at home.

## H Y M N CCVII.

## At Parting.

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go,  
And still in JESU'S footsteps tread,  
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But JESUS crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his belov'd embrace,  
Expect his fullness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Thus let us hasten to the day  
Which shall our flesh restore,  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more.

## H Y M N CCVIII.

For Ministers at Meeting.

**W**ELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,  
 Messenger of JESU's grace!  
 O how beautiful the feet of  
 Him that brings good news of peace!  
 All hail, herald, &c.  
 Priest of God, thy people's joy.

- 2 Saviour bless his message to us,  
 Give us hearts to hear the sound  
 Of redemption, dearly purchas'd  
 By thy death and precious wound.  
 O reveal it, &c.  
 To our poor and helpless souls.
- 3 Give reward of grace and glory,  
 To thy faithful labourer dear,  
 Let the incense of our hearts be  
 Offer'd up in faith and prayer.  
 Bless, O bless him, &c.  
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

## H Y M N CCIX.

For Ministers at Parting.

- W**ITH all thy pow'r, O LORD, defend  
 Him whom we now to thee commend;  
 Our faithful minister secure,  
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
 Give to his footsteps paths of peace;  
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill;  
 Preserve him, Lord, from ev'ry ill.

Before

- 3 Before his face protection send;  
O love him, save him to the end:  
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart;  
In him thy mighty power exert;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

## H Y M N CCX.

## Dismission.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
O refresh us, &c.  
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For thy gospel's joyful sound:  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound!  
Ever faithful, &c.  
To the truth may we be found!
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angel's wing to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever, &c.  
Reign with CHRIST in endless day!

## H Y M N CCXI.

**C**ONFIRM the hope thy word allows,  
Behold us waiting to be fed,  
Bless the provision of thy house,  
And satisfy thy poor with bread.



- 2 Drawn by thy invitation, LORD,  
 Athirst and hungry we are come :  
 Now from the fulness of thy word,  
 Feast us, and send us thankful home.

## H Y M N CCXII.

Light shining out of Darkneſs.

**G**OD moves in a myſterious way,  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the ſea,  
 And rides upon the ſtorm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing ſkill,  
 He treaſures up his bright deſigns,  
 And works his ſov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take ;  
 The clouds ye ſo much dread,  
 Are big with mercy, and ſhall break  
 In bleſſings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,  
 But truſt him for his grace ;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a ſmiling face.
- 5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taſte,  
 But ſweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,  
 And ſcan his work in vain :  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

## H Y M N CCXIII.

## Moon-Light.

- T**HE moon has but a borrow'd light,  
 A faint and feeble ray;  
 She owes her beauty to the night,  
 And hides herself by day.
- 2 No chearing warmth her beam conveys,  
 Tho' pleasing to behold:  
 We might upon her brightness gaze  
 'Till we were starv'd with cold.
- 3 Just such is all the light to man  
 Which reason can impart;  
 It cannot shew one object plain,  
 Nor warm the frozen heart.
- 4 Thus moon-light views of truth divine  
 To many fatal prove;  
 For what avails in gifts to shine,  
 Without a spark of love?
- 5 The gospel, like the sun at noon,  
 Affords a glorious light:  
 Then human reason's boasted moon  
 Appears no longer bright.
- 6 And grace, not only light bestows,  
 But adds a quick'ning pow'r;  
 The desert blossoms like the rose,  
 And sin prevails no more.

## H Y M N CCXIV.

## Brotherly Love

**N**OW by the bowels of my God,  
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints,  
 By his last groans, his dying blood,  
 I charge my soul to love his saints.

Clamour

- 2 Clamour and wrath, and war be gone,  
Envy and spite for ever cease;  
Let bitter words no more be known  
Among the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;  
Why should we vex and grieve his love,  
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;  
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;  
So GOD forgives our num'rous faults,  
For the dear sake of CHRIST his Son.

## H Y M N CCXV.

The Promis'd Land. Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.
  - 3 No cloud those blisful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair!  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
  - 4 There no alternate night is known,  
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;  
But glory from the sacred throne  
Spreads everlasting day.
  - 5 O may the heav'nly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
'Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear ev'ry thought above.

Prepare



- 6 Prepare us, LORD, by grace divine  
For thy bright courts on high;  
Then bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

H Y M N CCXVI.

- O** For a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the LORD?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of JESUS, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill,
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast,
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be;  
Help me to bear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## Y M N CCXVII.

Desiring to know and love CHRIST more.

**T**HOU only source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore!  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.

- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;  
But in thy sacred word  
I read in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying LORD.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
And sins and sorrows rise,  
Thy love with chearful beams of hope  
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene  
Is clouded o'er with pain;  
My gloomy fears rise dark between,  
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,  
O come with blisful ray;  
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,  
And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The wonders of thy love;  
But the full glories of thy face  
Are only known above.

## H Y M N CCXVIII.

For New-Year's Day.

**A**ND now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past;  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last,

Much

- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
And what thy great concern.
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,  
Set out afresh for heaven;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In CHRIST so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend;  
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

## H Y M N CCXIX.

Another.

- T**HE LORD of earth and sky,  
The GOD of ages praise!  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of Endless Days;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground;  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found;  
Yet did he us in mercy spare  
Another, and another year.
  - 3 When justice bar'd the sword,  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our LORD  
Cry'd—"Let it still alone:"

The



The Father mild inclin'd his ear,  
And spar'd us yet another year.

- 4 JESUS, thy speaking blood  
From God obtain'd the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space:  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo! we see another year.

- 5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound:  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

## H Y M N CCXX.

Another.

**W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted thro' the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here:  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the light'ning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upwards, LORD, our spirits raise;  
All below is but a dream.

Thanks

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view :  
 Bless the Word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

## H Y M N CCXXI.

## GRACE.

- R**ICH grace, free grace most sweetly calls,  
 Directly come who will ;  
 Just as you are, for CHRIST receives  
 Poor helpless sinners still.
- 2 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls ;  
 Grace keeps us inly poor ;  
 And, O ! that nothing else but grace  
 May rule for evermore !

## H Y M N CCXXII.

- L**O ! to the hills I lift my eyes,  
 Thy promis'd help I claim ;  
 Father of Mercies, glorify  
 The Holy JESU's name.
- 2 Salvation in that name is found,  
 Balm of my grief and care ;  
 A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,  
 All, all I want is there.

## H Y M N CCXXIII.

The Happiness of being with CHRIST.

**W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
 And view the scene on either hand,  
 My spirit struggles with my clay,  
 And longs to wing its flight away.

Q

Where

- 2 Where JESUS dwells my soul wou'd be,  
And fairs my much-lov'd LORD to see;  
Earth twine no more about my heart,  
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home;  
Ye know the way to JESU's throne,  
Source of my joys, and of your own.

## H Y M N CCXXIV.

## MORNING.

**R**ISE, my soul, adore thy Maker;  
Angels praise, join the lays,  
With them be partaker.

- 2 Sov'reign Lord of ev'ry spirit,  
In thy light, lead me right,  
Thro' my Saviour's merit.
- 3 Thou this night wast my protector;  
With me stay, all this day,  
Ever my director.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;  
Let thy peace, be my bliss,  
Till thou hence remove me.
- 5 Holy, holy, holy Giver  
Of all good, life and food,  
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 6 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,  
One in Three, give we thee,  
Never, never ceasing.



## H Y M N CCXXV.

## EVENING.

**E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry favour,  
'This day shew'd, by my God,  
I will bless my Saviour.

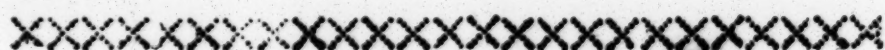
- 2 O my Lord! what shall I render  
To thy name, still the same,  
Gracious, good and tender.
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me;  
Let thy peace, be my bliss,  
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with thy salvation;  
Let thy care, now be near,  
Round my habitation.
- 5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tow'r,  
Safely keep, while I sleep,  
Me, with all thy pow'r.
- 6 And, whene'er in death I slumber,  
Let me rise, with the wise,  
Counted in their number.



# H Y M N S

ON THE

## L O R D ' S S U P P E R .



### H Y M N C C X X V I .

The L O R D ' S S U P P E R instituted  
I Cor. xi. 23, &c.

**T** WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blest, and brake :  
What love thro' all his actions ran !  
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin,  
" Receive, and eat the living food : "  
Then took the cup, and blest the wine ;  
" 'Tis the New Cov'nant in my blood . "
- 4 For as his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;  
And justice pour'd upon his head  
Its heavy vengeance in our stead .
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt ;

When

When for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

- 6 “ Do this (he cry’d) ’till time shall end,  
“ In mem’ry of your dying friend;  
“ Meet at my table, and record  
“ The love of your departed Lord.”

- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
’Till thou return, and we shall eat,  
The Marriage-supper of the Lamb.

### H Y M N CCXXVII.

Incomparable Food: or, The Flesh and  
Blood of CHRIST.

**W**E sing the amazing deeds,  
That grace divine performs;  
Th’ Eternal God comes down, and bleeds,  
To nourish dying worms.

- 2 This soul-reviving wine,  
Dear Sav’our, ’tis thy blood:  
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,  
For this immortal food.

- 3 The banquet that we eat  
Is made of heav’nly things;  
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet  
As our Redeemer brings.

- 4 In vain had Adam sought,  
And search’d his garden round;  
For there was no such blessed fruit  
In all the happy ground.

- 5 Th’ angelic host above  
Can never taste this food;  
They feast upon their Maker’s love.  
But not a Sav’our’s blood.



Salvation to the name  
Of our adored Christ:  
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,  
His glory in the high't.

## H Y M N CCXXVIII.

CHRIST a sure Guide.

**G**UIDE me, O thou Great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim, through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:  
Bread of Heav'n, Bread of Heav'n,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow,  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

## H Y M N CCXXIX.

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,  
And realize the sign,  
Thy life infuse into the bread,  
Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove,  
And made by heavenly art,  
Fit channels to convey thy love  
To every faithful heart.

H Y M N

AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

H Y M N CCXXX.

**D**YING Friend of Sinners, hear us  
Humbly at thy cross who lie,  
In thine ordinance be near us  
Now th' ungodly justify:  
Let thy bowels of compassion  
To thy ransom'd creatures move,  
Shew us all thy great salvation,  
God of Truth and God of Love.

- 2 By thy meritorious dying  
Save us from this death of sin,  
By thy precious blood's applying  
Make our inmost nature clean;  
Give us worthily t'adore thee,  
Thou our full Redeemer be,  
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,  
Peace, and power, and heaven in thee.

H Y M N CCXXXI.

**I**N that sad memorable night,  
When Jesus was for us betray'd,  
He left his death-recording rite,  
He took, and bless'd and brake the bread:  
And gave his own their last bequest,  
And thus his love's intent exprest:

- 2 Take, eat, this is my body giv'n,  
To purchase life and peace for you,  
Pardon and holiness and heav'n;  
Do this, my dying love to shew,  
Accept your precious legacy,  
And thus, my friends, remember me.
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,  
To crown the sacramental feast,  
And full of kind concern look'd up,  
And gave what he to them had blest,

And

And drink ye all of this, he said,  
In solemn mem'ry of the dead.

- 4 This is my blood, which seals the New  
Eternal Cov'nant of my grace,  
My blood so freely shed for you,  
For you, and for the sinful race;  
My blood that speaks your sins forgiv'n,  
And justifies your claim to heav'n.
- 5 The grace which I to you bequeath  
In this divine memorial, take,  
And, mindful of your Saviour's death,  
Do this, my followers, for my sake,  
My dying love I will retain,  
And you eternal life shall gain.

### H Y M N CCXXXII.

The Memorial of our absent LORD.

John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
  - 3 The Lord of Life this table spread  
With his own flesh and dying blood,  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And waste the wine, and bless the God.
  - 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;  
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

While



- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
 And live for ever near his face.
- 6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills  
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;  
 We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,  
 To fetch our longing spirits home.

## H Y M N CCXXXIII.

- 'TIS done! th' atoning work is done:  
 Jesus, the World's Redeemer, dies!  
 All nature feels th' important groan  
 Loud-ecchoing through the earth and skies;  
 The earth doth to her centre quake,  
 And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black!
- 2 The Temple's veil is rent in twain,  
 While Jesus meekly bows his head,  
 The rocks resent his mortal pain,  
 The yawning graves give up their dead:  
 The bodies of the saints arise,  
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.
- 3 And shall not we his death partake,  
 In sympathetic anguish groan?  
 O Saviour let thy passion shake  
 Our earth, and rent our hearts of stone;  
 To second life our souls restore,  
 And wake us that we sleep no more.

## H Y M N CCXXXIV.

- SONS of God, triumphant rise,  
 Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice;  
 Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,  
 Sons of God, and heirs of heaven.
- 2 Saints that now to Christ belong,  
 List'ning angels join the song;

Sing

Sing with us ye heav'nly powers,  
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

- 3 Love's mysterious work is done;  
Greet we now th' atoning Son,  
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,  
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,  
Peace divine in Christ we feel,  
Pardon to our souls applied,  
Dead for you, for me he died.
- 5 Christ by faith we taste below,  
Mightier joys ordain'd to know,  
When his utmost grace we prove,  
Rise to heaven in perfect love.

### H Y M N CCXXXV.

Our LORD JESUS at his own Table.

**T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord  
Awakes a thankful tongue:  
How rich he spread his royal board,  
And bless'd the food, and sung.

- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread,  
But doubly bless'd was he,  
That gently bow'd his loving head,  
And lean'd it, Lord, on Thee.
- 3 By faith, the same delights we taste  
As that great fav'rite did,  
And sit and lean on Jesu's breast,  
And take the heav'nly bread.
- 4 Hosanna to his bounteous love,  
For such a feast below!  
And yet he feeds his saints above  
With nobler blessings too.

Come,

- 5 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,  
That brings our souls to rest!  
Then we shall need these types no more,  
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

## H Y M N CCXXXVI.

- A**UTHOR of life divine,  
Who hast a table spread,  
Furnish'd with mystick wine  
And everlasting bread,  
Preserve the life thyself hath giv'n,  
And feed, and train us up for heav'n.
- 2 Our needy souls sustain  
With fresh supplies of love,  
'Till all thy life we gain,  
And all thy fulness prove;  
And strengthen'd by thy perfect grace,  
Behold, without a veil, thy face.

## H Y M N CCXXXVII.

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

- S**ITTING around our Father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath;  
When faith beholds our dying Lord,  
We doom our sins to death.
- 2 'Tis thro' the blood of Jesus shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise;  
The sinner views th' atonement made,  
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
Procures us heav'nly crowns:  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,  
Our healing from thy wounds.

Oh!



- 4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,  
 Who dwell in feeble clay,  
 Should equal sufferings bear for thee,  
 Or equal thanks repay.

## H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

The provisions for the Table of our  
 LORD: or, The Tree of Life, and River of  
 Love.

- L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,  
 And sing the solemn feast,  
 Where sweet celestial dainties stand  
 For every willing guest.
- 2 The Tree of Life adorns the board  
 With rich immortal fruit,  
 And ne'er an angry flaming sword  
 To guard the passage to't:
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;  
 The fountain flows above,  
 And runs down streaming, for our use,  
 In rivulets of love.
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,  
 The pleasure's well refin'd;  
 Lord, spread new life thro' every heart,  
 And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout, and proclaim the Sav'our's love,  
 Ye saints that taste his wine;  
 Join with your kindred saints above,  
 In loud Hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God  
 That gives such joy as this;  
 Hosanna! let it sound abroad,  
 And reach where Jesus is.

## H Y M N CCXXXIX.

**T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,  
Thy ransom'd people lead!

2 Angel of gospel-grace,  
Fulfil thy character;  
To guard and feed thy chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert-way  
Conduct us by thy light!  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
A chearing fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people rain  
The manna of thy love.

## H Y M N CCXL.

**J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their LORD.

2 For food he gives his flesh;  
He bids us drink his blood;  
Amazing favour! matchless grace  
Of our descending God!

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

## H Y M N CCXLI.

**T**HE blest memorials of thy grief,  
 Thy suff'rings and thy death,  
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
 But would receive with faith.

- 2 The tokens, sent us to relieve  
 Our spirits, when they droop,  
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
 But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,  
 Our mournful minds to move,  
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive;  
 But would receive with love.
- 4 Here in obedience to thy word  
 We take the bread and wine;  
 The utmost we can do, dear Lord;  
 For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;  
 Lord, give us all that's good;  
 We would thy full salvation prove,  
 And share thy flesh and blood.

## H Y M N CCXLII.

## ANOTHER.

**P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,  
 Who would believe thy gracious word;  
 But own my heart, with shame and grief,  
 A sink of sin and unbelief.

- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room:  
 And vent'ring hard behold I come.  
 But can there, tell me, can there be,  
 Amongst thy children, room for *me*?

I eat



- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine :  
But oh ! my soul wants more than sign ;  
I faint, unless I feed on thee,  
And drink thy blood as shed for *me*.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,  
And I'm a sinner vile indeed !  
Lord, I believe thy grace is free :  
O, magnify that grace in me.

## H Y M N CCXLIII.

Psalm cxix. Verse 158.

- A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes !  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils, which thou canst not heal !
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame !  
See scandals pour'd on JESU's name !  
The Father wounded thro' the Son !  
The world abus'd, the soul undone !
- 3 See the short course of vain delight,  
Closing in everlasting night !  
In flames, that no abatement know,  
The briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;  
My bowels yern o'er dying men ;  
And fain my pity wou'd reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame !
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves ;  
Thine own all-saving Arm employ,  
And turn those drops of grief to joy.

## H Y M N CCXLIV.

## Life and Eternity.

**T** H E E we adore, Eternal Name ;  
 And humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms we be !

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
 As months and days increase,  
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
 Leaves one the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave ;  
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground  
 To push us to the tomb ;  
 And fierce diseases wait around,  
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread  
 Hang everlasting things ;  
 Th' eternal states of all the dead  
 Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe  
 Attend on ev'ry breath ;  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death,
- 7 Waken, O LORD, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dangerous road :  
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,  
 May they be found with God.

## H Y M N CCXLV.

## Death and Glory.

**M**Y soul, come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow gaping tomb;  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O! could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead;  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then shou'd we see the saints above  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls shou'd love  
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How should we scorn these clothes of flesh,  
These fetters, and this load;  
And long for ev'ning to undress,  
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We shou'd almost forsake our clay,  
Before the summons come,  
And pray, and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

## H Y M N CCXLVI.

## The Grave sanctified by CHRIST.

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.



- 2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints he blest,  
And soft'ned ev'ry bed:  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying head?
- 4 Thence he arose and burst the chain,  
To shew our feet the way  
From shades where death and darkness reign,  
To realms of endless day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid his kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## HYMN CCXLVII.

## A Funeral Hymn.

- A** H! lovely appearance of death,  
No fight upon earth is so fair;  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
Can with a dead body compare;  
With solemn delight I survey  
The corps when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our *brother*, bereft  
Of all that could burden *his* mind;  
How easy the soul that hath left  
The wearisome body behind!  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see;  
No longer in misery now,  
No long a sinner like me.

This

- 3 This earth is affected no more  
 With sickness, or shaken with pain ;  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex *him* again :  
 No anger henceforward, or shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent clay,  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,  
 This quiet immoveable breast  
 Is heav'd by affliction no more ;  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids *be* so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
 The fountains can yield no supplies,  
 These hollows from water are free ;  
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in a prison I breathe ;  
 And still for deliverance pine,  
 And press to the issues of death :  
 What now with my tears I bedew,  
 O might I this moment become ;  
 My spirit created anew,  
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

H Y M N

## HYMN CCXLVIII.

## ANOTHER.

**H**OSSANNA to JESUS on high!  
 Another has enter'd his rest;  
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,  
 And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's breast:  
 The soul of our *brother* is gone  
 To heighten the triumph above;  
 Exalted to JESUS's throne!  
 Exalted by JESUS's love!

- 2 How happy the angels that fall  
 Transported at JESUS's name!  
 The saints, whom he soonest shall call,  
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!  
 No longer imprison'd in clay,  
 Who next from this dungeon shall fly?  
 Who first shall be summon'd away?  
 My merciful God!—Is it I?
- 3 O JESUS, if this be thy will,  
 That suddenly I should depart,  
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,  
 And whisper the call to my heart:  
 O give me a signal to know  
 If soon thou wou'd'st have me remove,  
 And leave the dull body below,  
 And fly to the regions of love.

## HYMN CCXLIX.

## On the Death of a Young Person.

**W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
 Which pity must demand.

While



- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth, imprest  
With awful pow'r—I too must die—  
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;  
Behold the gaping tomb!  
It bids us seize the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,  
May ev'ry heart obey;  
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.

## H Y M N CCL.

## The RESURRECTION.

**P**LEAS'D we read in sacred story,  
How our Lord resum'd his breath;  
Where, O grave's thy conqu'ring glory?  
Where's thy sting, thou phantom death?  
Soon thy jaws, restrain'd from chewing,  
Must disgorge their ransom'd prey:  
Man first gave thee pow'r to ruin,  
Man too takes that pow'r away.

- 2 I am Alpha, says the Saviour;  
I Omega likewise am;  
I was dead, and live for ever,  
God Almighty and the Lamb:  
In the LORD is our perfection,  
And in him our boast we'll make;  
We shall share his resurrection,  
If we of his death partake.

Ye

- 3 Ye that die without repentance,  
 Ye must rise when CHRIST appears;  
 Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,  
 While the saints rejoice in theirs:  
 You to dwell with fiends infernal,  
 They with JESUS CHRIST to reign:  
 They go into life eternal,  
 You to everlasting pain.
- 4 Bold rebellion, base backsliding,  
 Stop your course, reflect with dread;  
 In destruction there's no hiding;  
 Death and hell give up their dead;  
 Ev'ry sea, and lake, and river,  
 Shall restore their dead to view:  
 Shout for gladness, O Believer,  
 CHRIST IS RIS'N, and so shall you.

## HYMN CCLI.

Life and Safety in CHRIST alone.

- T**HOU only Sov'reign of my heart,  
 My Refuge, my Almighty Friend;  
 And can my soul from thee depart,  
 On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,  
 A wretched wand'rer from my LORD?  
 Can this dark world of sin and wo,  
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;  
 On these my fainting spirit lives;  
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;  
 While thou art near, in vain they call;  
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
 My dearest LORD, outweighs them all.

Thy

- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,  
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care:  
 Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more;  
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul wou'd lie;  
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;  
 Still let me live beneath thine eye;  
 For life, eternal life is thine.

## H Y M N CCLII.

## The Excellency of the Scriptures.

- F**ATHER of Mercies in thy word  
 What endless glory shines?  
 For ever be thy name ador'd,  
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
 And yields a free repast;  
 Sublimar sweets than nature knows,  
 Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise,  
 To cheer the fainting mind;  
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,  
 United rend the heart;  
 Here sinners meet divine relief,  
 And cool the raging smart.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heav'nly peace around;  
 And life, and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 6 O may these heav'nly pages be  
 My ever dear delight,  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light.

Dvinie.



- 7 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD!  
 Be thou for ever near;  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

## H Y M N CCLIII.

## CALVARY.

- L**AMB of GOD, whose bleeding love  
 We now recall to mind,  
 Send the answer from above,  
 And let us mercy find:  
 Think on us, who think on thee,  
 And ev'ry struggling soul release:  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray;  
 By thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away:  
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
 From all iniquity release:  
 O remember, &c.
- 3 Let thy blood by faith apply'd,  
 The sinner's pardon seal;  
 Speak us freely justify'd,  
 And all our sickness heal:  
 By thy passion on the tree,  
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease;  
 O remember, &c.
- 4 Never would we hence depart,  
 'Till thou our wants relieve;  
 Write forgiveness on our hearts,  
 And all thine image give:

Still

Still our souls shall cry to thee,  
 'Till all renew'd in holiness;  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.

## H Y M N CCLIV.

## The Sinner Converted.

**W**HEN with my mind divinely prest,  
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast  
 Wou'd past offences trace;  
 Trembling I make the black review,  
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,  
 The pow'r of changing grace.

- 2 This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,  
 These feet, to erring paths beguil'd,  
 In heav'nly league agree;  
 Who cou'd believe such lips cou'd praise,  
 Or think my dark and winding ways  
 Should ever lead to thee?
- 3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,  
 Now lift to thee their watry light,  
 And weep a silent flood;  
 These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r;  
 O wash away the stains they wear,  
 In pure redeeming blood!
- 4 These ears, that pleas'd cou'd entertain  
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,  
 When round the festal board;  
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,  
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,  
 And press to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part;  
 And now thou dost transform my heart,  
 That drossy thing refine:  
 Now grace doth nature's strength controul,  
 And a new creature—body—soul,  
 Are, LORD, for ever thine!

## H Y M N CCLV.

## The Fast-Hymn.

**T**HE Mighty God that reigns on high,  
 Inhabiting eternity;  
 Who makes the heav'n of heav'ns his throne,  
 The Holy, High, and Lofty One.

- 2 Before the splendor of whose rays  
 The brightest angel veils his face,  
 While all the host with one accord  
 Cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- 3 This God (so humble is his love)  
 Stoops to behold the things above:  
 But lower still that love can go,  
 And stoop to visit worms below.
- 4 His royal state aside he laid,  
 Came down to earth, a man was made,  
 To make poor men the sons of God,  
 And pay the debt his brethren ow'd.
- 5 With sinners (condescension great)  
 With sinners Jesus deign'd to eat;  
 And tempted in the desert vast,  
 For sinners he vouchsaf'd to fast.
- 6 Hunger and thirst with willing mind  
 He underwent, nor once repin'd;  
 Content beneath our load to groan,  
 And make our woes and wants his own.
- 7 Now, Christian, offer pray'r and praise;  
 Acknowledge him in all thy ways:  
 Nor alms nor fastings disesteem;  
 For God accepts them all in him.
- 8 Fear not; thy gracious God in love  
 Thy pray'rs will hear, thy fasts approve:  
 For what good thing can he deny,  
 Who gave his only son to die?



## H Y M N CCLVI.

## For a Public Fast.

**L**ORD, look on all assembled here,  
Who in thy presence stand,  
To offer up united pray'r  
For this our sinful land.

2 Oft have we, each in private, pray'd  
Our country might find grace.  
Now hear the same petitions made  
In this appointed place.

3 Or, if amongst us some be met,  
So careless of their sin,  
They have not cried for mercy yet;  
Lord, let them now begin.

4 Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,  
By whom their pray'rs succeed,  
Thy spir't of supplication give,  
And we shall pray indeed.

5 We will not slack; nor give thee rest;  
But importune thee so,  
That, till we shall be by thee blest,  
We will not let thee go.

6 Great God of Hosts, deliv'rance bring,  
Guide those that hold the helm;  
Support the state; preserve the king;  
And spare the guilty realm.

7 Or should the dread decree be past,  
And we must feel thy rod;  
May faith and patience hold us fast  
To our correcting God.

8 Whatever be our destin'd case,  
Accept us in thy Son.  
Give us his gospel, and his grace:  
And then thy will be done.



A  
T A B L E  
O F  
C O N T E N T S.

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